

APRIL,

1883.



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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL.

FRONTISPIECE:

Idle Moments.

THE SEA IN POETRY (Illustrated)	H.	211
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE (Illustrated)	Bishop Heber	218
IN SPRINGTIME (Illustrated)	S. J. J.	219
LEAVES FROM A STEPMOTHER'S JOURNAL	Emily Sanborn	220
"IN PAWN"	A. Weston Whitney	221
SCAMLEHS (Illustrated)		223
FEATHER CHAT	Margaret	224
AN ARTIST'S TRIP TO THE BAHAMAS (Illustrated)		225
A SKETCH OF "MARTHA FARQUEHARSON"	Mrs. Mary E. Ireland	227
ONLY TIM	Sarah Doudney	229
SONNETS TO THE SEASONS	Grace Adele Pierce	235
THE PARIN'-BEE	Betsy Bodkin	236
OLDEN MEMORIES	Ruth Revere	240
THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD. Chapters xvi, xvii, xviii	T. S. A.	241
"A SUBJECT"		248
BY AND BY	Sarah I. C. Whittlesey	248
BESIDE STILL WATERS	Rosella Rice	249
THE CYCLAMEN (Illustrated)	M.	251
LINES TO A PLAGIARIST	Annie L. Muzzey	251
RELIGIOUS READING:		
The Flail of God's Corrections	Mrs. Helen H. S. Thompson	252
Prayer		252
Renunciation of the World	Swedenborg	253
"Lo! I am with You Alway"	S. J. Jones	253
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:		
Lost on the Prairie	Isadore Rogers	253
The Race (Illustrated)		255
THE HOME CIRCLE:		
Easter Bells	Lichen	256
Poking Around	Pipsy Potts	257
Gathering up the Fragments	Edna	260
Preparing for College	Hyla	260
HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT:		
A Word for Lou	Madge Carrol	261
Recipes		262
ART NEEDLEWORK (Illustrated):		
Needlework Novelties		263
Description of Illustrations		266
ART AT HOME:		
Hints for Home Decoration		266
Table covers		267
London Novelties		267
FASHION DEPARTMENT:		
Fashion Notes		267
NOTES AND COMMENTS:		
Virginia F. Townsend		268
The Cataract of Terni	H. M.	269
Mrs. Ireland's New Book		269
"Idle Moments"		269
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT		
PURCHASING AND SUPPLY DEPARTMENT:		
Answers to Inquiries		270

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FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1883:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' PROMENADE TOILETTE.

FIGURE NO. 1.—The costume pictured introduces a very novel and handsome polonaise of Cheviot suiting showing an artistic blending of brown, gold, red and fawn, brown being the predominating tint; and a four-gored skirt of brown silk, with two side-plaitings of the silk for its pretty foot-trimming. The gores and breadth forming the skirt are well shaped to hang gracefully, the gores fitting smoothly by the aid of hip darts.

The over-dress or polonaise is close and smooth in its adjustment, which is accomplished by single but well-curved bust and under-arm darts, low side-form seams and a center seam, the middle three seams terminating in extra widths a becoming depth below the waistline. The center extra width is folded under in a box-plait, and the widths at each side of it are disposed in backward-turning plaits underneath, thus amplifying the drapery fashionably. A quaint but pretty effect is produced by folding two deep plaits in each side edge of the back-drapery, and sewing them to position under buttons across the back between the side-back and under-arm seams, and then turning the edge below backward in a tapering *revers* that is



laced with velvet. A deep slash in the center of the drapery, and a careful draping with an undertape above the slash, dispose the back in a beautiful *bouffant* manner that contrasts strikingly with the straight, undraped sides of the front. The latter opens widely upon the skirt below a short velvet vest, which reaches to the shoulders and is sewed flatly to position under the front edges of the fronts. The vest closes its depth with buttons and button-holes, and a military collar of velvet is about the neck. Buttons and demi cuff-facings of velvet finish the sleeves prettily.

Linen cuffs and a linen choker-collar are stylish *lingerie* for fashionable street costumes, but lace, *lisse* or any *lingerie* preferred may be worn for home and dressy wear. Rich textures make up with especial elegance in costumes of this style; and oftentimes the vest, *revers*, etc., will be handsomely embroidered with braid, or covered with material having figures *en applique*. The pattern to the costume is No. 8503. It is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and costs 40 cents.

The hat is a jaunty, velvet-cov-

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' PROMENADE TOILETTE.

ered flare, with a full garniture of ostrich plumage.



8511

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 8511.—The pattern to this pretty costume is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it will require 13½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 6½ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8482

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8482.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and may be developed in any preferred materials, with any stylish trimming. To make the costume for a girl of 8 years, requires 5½ yards of one material and 2½ yards of another 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards of one and 1½ yard of another 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8510

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 8510.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the costume for a lady of medium size, will require 14½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 7½ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.



8512

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 8512.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require 5½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 3 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8486

Front View.

MISSES' POINTED BASQUE.

No. 8486.—This basque is subject to the changes pictured. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years old. For a miss of 12 years, it requires 2½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 25 cents.



8486

Back View.



8476

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8476.—An exceptionally pretty skirt for cloths, flannels, silks, etc., and also for combined materials, is here pictured. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the skirt for a lady of medium size, needs 10½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 5½ yards 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



8530

Front View.

8530

Back View.

BOYS' BLOUSE.

No. 8530.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for boys from 3 to 10 years of age. For a boy of 7 years, it needs 2½ yards of goods 27 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8524

Front View.

8524

Back View.

CHILD'S FIRST SHORT CLOAK.

No. 8524.—This pattern is in 4 sizes for children from ½ to 3 years of age. For a child 6 months old, it calls for 3 yards of material 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8479

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8479.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. It is here shown as developed in camel's-hair, with a deep side-plaiting of the material and rows of braid for trimming. Without the plaiting, for a lady of medium size, it needs 9½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 5½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8480



8493

Front View.

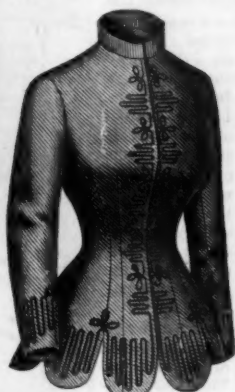


8493

Back View.

CHILD'S JACKET.

No. 8493.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 6 years, will need 2½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 27 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



8477

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 8480.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 3½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

No. 8477.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 4½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.

FIGURE No. 2.—
LADIES' COS-
TUME.

FIGURE No. 2.—For street wear, the costume here portrayed is very distinguished-looking. It is made of fine green cloth, and its garniture, though not elaborate, is strikingly effective. The skirt is, of course, four-gored, this being the adopted mode for Spring and, most likely, for the entire season following. It is garnitured with a deep, double box-plaited flounce, which is stitched on and then turned down over its seam.

The over-dress has a deep, round basque body, fitted with exquisite precision by the fashionable number of darts and seams, the seams being closed plainly all the way down, as in a Jersey basque. To the bottom of the body is seamed a deep, oval apron, which encircles the figure in wide, drooping folds; the back edges of the apron meeting high up in a seam under a large sash-bow of the material. The bow comprises two, deep, broad loops, and two longer ends plaited together under a softly wrinkled cross-piece; its ends being plainly finished. The apron is rendered quite decorative in ef-



FIGURE No. 2.—LADIES' COSTUME.

fect by a row of military braid, coiled in deep ovals at equal intervals and followed by a row of soutache, which is arranged in a crenelated leaf design midway between the coils. Hooks and loops close the body, and at each side of the closing is sewed a row of small buttons. Back of the buttons, military and soutache braids are arranged to correspond with the decoration upon the apron, the braids being carried in plain rows about the neck to terminate fancifully at the center seam. The coat sleeves are braid-trimmed to correspond, and drawn high up over them are loosely wrinkled mousquetaire gloves of dressed black kid. A standing collar of the material, outside one of linen, finishes the neck neatly.

While costumes of this shape, made of cloth, Cheviot, flannel, etc., are particularly stylish for street wear, they are beautiful and coquettish made of handsome, delicate-hued materials for evening, dinner, and drossy wear in general. The pattern to the costume is No. 8495, and costs 40 cents. It is very stylish, and is in 13 sizes

for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

FIGURE NO. 3.—
LADIES'
STREET COS-
TUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—
One of the most charming and graceful costumes of the Spring season is here exhibited as made of dark gray *tricot*. The skirt, which is in four-gored style, has its front and side gores covered more than half-way to the belt with a box-plaiting, the box-plaits being quite broad and flaring effectively toward the bottom. A softly-wrinkled, short apron-drapery is fitted to the gores above the plaits, over the top of which it droops with coquettish and stylish effect. The bottom of the apron is slashed to form square tabs, which are neatly lined.

Upon the plainly-finished back-breadth falls the deep, square drapery of the handsome polonaise-back of the over-dress, which is looped at the sides and under-draped by a *tipe* at the center to make it stylishly *bouffant*, and is suitably amplified in width by plaits folded under at its center and side-back seams below the waist-line. These seams are well curved, and, together with double bust darts, single under-arm darts and nicely curved under-arm seams, fit the garment with accurate elegance to the figure. The front of the over-dress



FIGURE NO. 3.—LADIES' STREET COSTUME.

of buttons and button-holes and cut in tabs at the sides to correspond with the apron-drapery. It is crossed in military fashion with double rows of braid, which are fancifully turned several inches back of the closing, under which their ends are neatly concealed. A military collar and a snowy linen choker-collar neatly finish the neck. The sleeves are long and close, and in this instance are left open a short distance at the outside seam, and then reversed to form pretty, shallow cuffs. Long black kid gloves are drawn smoothly over them, with stylish effect.

The pattern to the costume is No. 8504, and costs 40 cents. It is a handsome fashion, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. Made up in all varieties of Spring textures, and also in velvets, silks, Ottoman reps, etc., it will be stylish and *distingué*; and if decoration be added, it should not be elaborate. The mode bespeaks its own adaptability to combinations of contrasting colors or textures.

The hat is a jaunty shape in fine straw, with a broad band of velvet ribbon, caught with a buckle at the center of the front, arranged smoothly about the crown. A large pompon of

is in basque style, deeply notched below its closing pretty plumage is at the left side of the front.



8496

Front View.

LADIES'
WATTEAU
POLONAISE.

No. 8496.—

This pattern is
in 13 sizes for
ladies from 28
to 46 inches,
bust measure,and is a charming shape for silk, velvet, cashmere, camel's-hair or any variety of dress goods. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.FIGURE No. 4
—CHILD'S
COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 4.

—This consists
of Child's coat
No. 8494; and
dress No. 8906.The pattern to the coat is in 7 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age, and costs 20 cents. The dress pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. For a child of 6 years, the costume requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide.

8496

Back View.



8483

Front View.

CHILD'S
COSTUME.

No. 8483.

—Marine blue flannel is the material made up into this charming and stylish little costume, and machine-stitching borders all the edges. The pattern is in 7 sizes



8483

Back View.



8491

Front View.

CHILD'S
COSTUME.

No. 8491.

—This pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and may be developed in a single material or a combination of fabrics, as preferred. To make the



8491

Back View.

for children from 2 to 8 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it needs $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.costume for a child of 6 years, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**8517***Front View.*

LADIES' ULSTER.
No. 8517.—A stylish mode for of Ulster cloth is here portrayed. shade is employed in this instance. ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust size, it needs $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54 inches

**8497***Front View.*

No. 8497.—To make this jacket for a girl of 8 years, needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and may be selected for any fashionable cloth or coating goods. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

**S500***Front View.***S500***Back View.***CHILD'S JACKET.**

No. 8500.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for children from 2 to 8 years of age. To make the jacket for a child of 6 years, needs $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

**FIGURE No. 5.—CHILD'S COSTUME.**

FIGURE No. 5.—This consists of Child's costume No. 8491. Three materials are united in the present instance. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the costume of one material for a child of 6 years, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48 inches wide.

GIRLS' JACKET.**8517***Back View.***ULSTER.**

the development of any variety Mixed cloth of a fashionable blue The pattern is in 10 sizes for measure. For a lady of medium inches wide, or 5 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 40 cents.

**8497***Back View.*



8485

MISSSES' COSTUME.

No. 8485.—The engraving represents an exceedingly stylish costume, which is especially pretty for a combination of fabrics. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, will require $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of one material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of another 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE NO. 6.—BOYS' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 6.—This consists of Boys' jacket No. 8529, and pants No. 8531. The patterns are each in 8 sizes from 3 to 10 years; the jacket costing 20 cents; and the pants, 15 cents. For a boy of 7 years, the jacket will require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 27 inches wide, while the pants will need $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard in the same width, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of stay-linen for the waist-bands.



8514

LADIES' WRAP.

No. 8514.—This stylish pattern is in 10 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and may be selected for any variety of wrap fabric in vogue, with any stylish trimming. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8488

Front View.

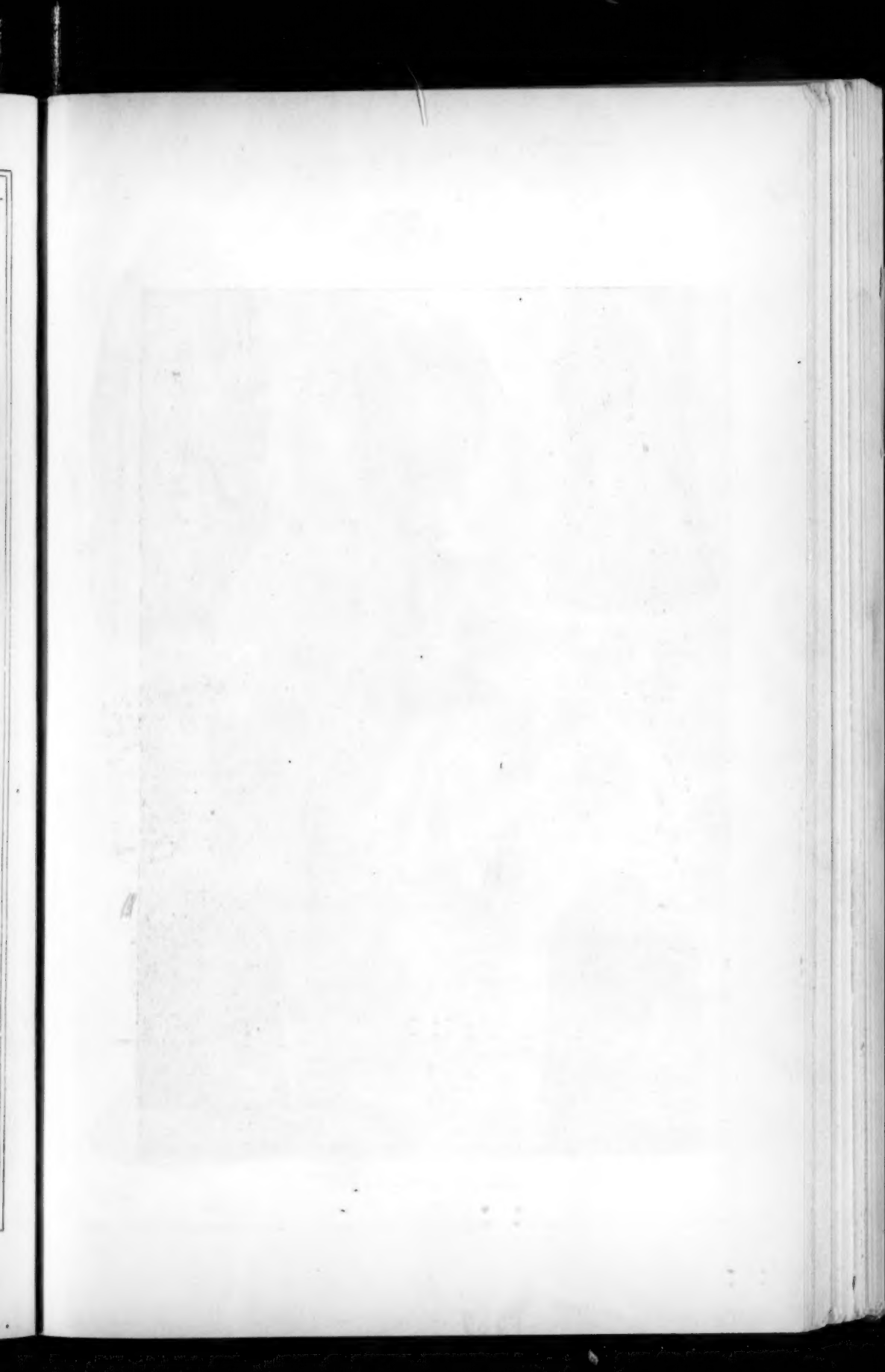
LADIES' JACKET.

No. 8488.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and any variety of goods in vogue for such garments may be selected for its development. To make the jacket for a lady of medium size, will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide, or 2 yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8488

Back View.





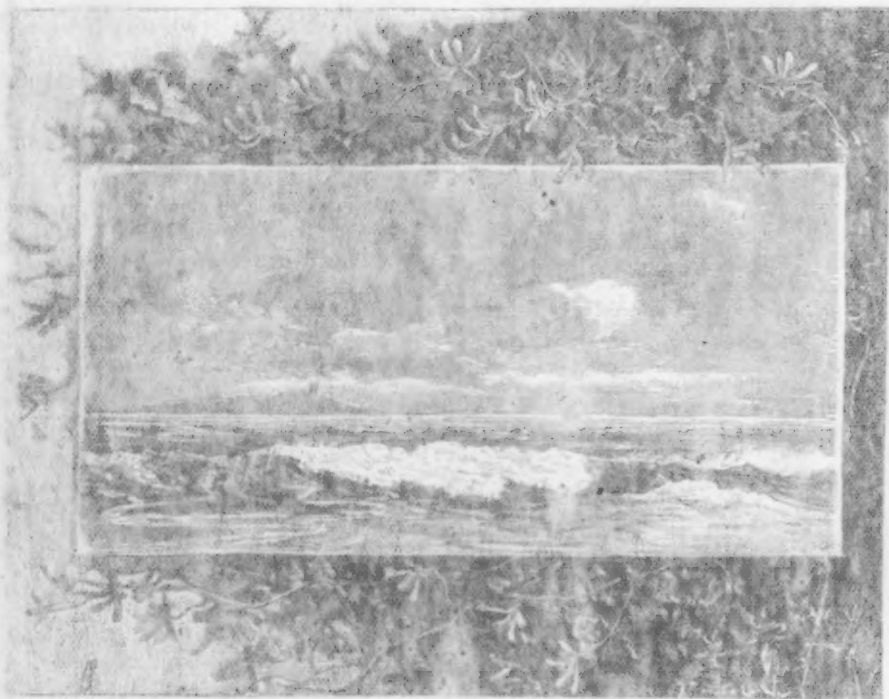
IDLE MOMENTS.—Page 269.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

APRIL, 1883.

No. 4.



THE SEA IN POETRY.

O "D Ocean's gray and melancholy waste," Bryant writes in *Thanatopsis*. "The majesty of poets, ancient and modern, sing of the sea in minor strains like this. But some, rapt with its beauty and sublimity, and forgetful of its terror and danger, see it only in its aspects of calmness and grandeur, as does Mrs. Browning when, alluding to its fertilizing the land in every direction, she calls it "God's clear scroll—like to a wicked book."

Some of the oldest and finest descriptions of the sea may be found in Hebrew poetry, as headed down to us in the Book of Job, in the *Psalms*, and in the *Prophets*. Space would fail us to quote many of these passages, which are familiar to

all. It will be noticed that the sea is almost always associated by the sacred bards with the power and majesty of Jehovah. The following will serve as specimens:

The Lord on high is mightier
Than the noise of many waters,
Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

—*Palm xciii.*

O Lord God of Hosts!
Who is a strong lord like unto Thee?
Or to Thy faithfulness round about Thee?
Thou rulest the raging of the sea;
When the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest
them."—*Palm lxxxix.*

"O Lord! how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all:

(211)



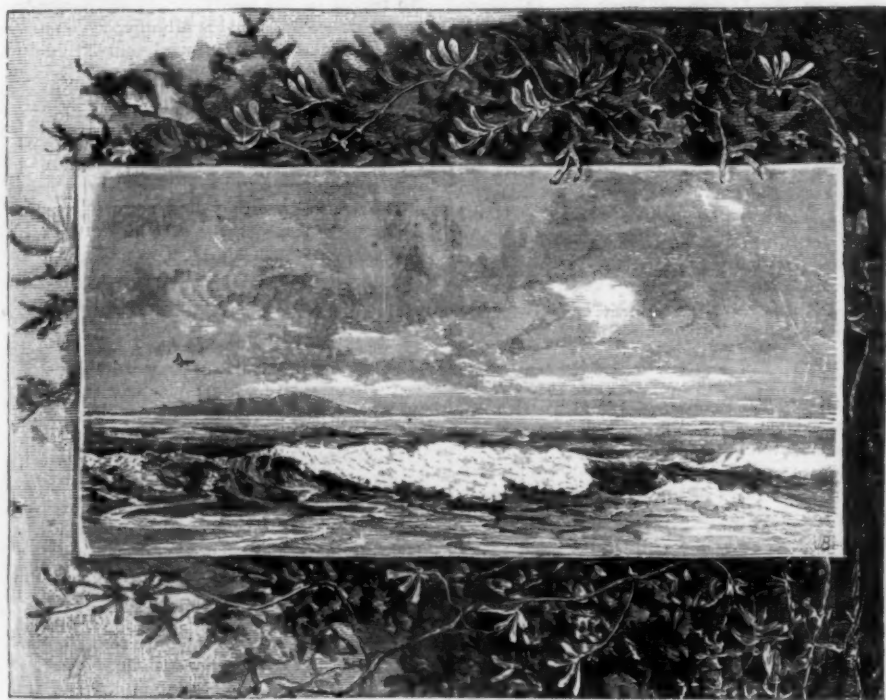
IDLE MOMENTS.—Page 303.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LI.

APRIL, 1883.

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THE SEA IN POETRY.

"OLD Ocean's gray and melancholy waste," Bryant writes in *Thanatopsis*. The majority of poets, ancient and modern, sing of the sea in minor strains like this. But some, rapt with its beauty and sublimity, and forgetful of its horror and danger, see it only in its aspects of loveliness and grandeur, as does Mrs. Browning when, alluding to its terminating the land in every direction, she calls it "God's clear scroll-finis to a wicked book."

Some of the oldest and finest descriptions of the sea may be found in Hebrew poetry, as handed down to us in the Book of Job, in the Psalms, and in the Prophets. Space would fail us to quote many of these passages, which are familiar to

all. It will be noticed that the sea is almost always associated by the sacred bards with the power and majesty of Jehovah. The following will serve as specimens:

"The Lord on high is mightier
Than the noise of many waters,
Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

—*Psalm xciii.*

"O Lord God of Hosts!
Who is a strong lord like unto Thee?
Or to Thy faithfulness round about Thee?
Thou rulest the raging of the sea;
When the waves thereof arise, Thou stillest
them."—*Psalm lxxxix.*

"O Lord! how manifold are Thy works!
In wisdom hast Thou made them all:

(211)

The earth is full of Thy riches.
 So is this great and wide sea,
 Wherein are creeping things innumerable,
 Both small and great beasts.
 There go the ships:
 There is that leviathan whom Thou hast made
 to play therein."—*Palm civ.*

Classic writers, also, abound in allusions to the "great deep." It is interesting to note that by "the sea" Hebrew, Greek, and Latin authors referred chiefly to the Mediterranean and its tributary, the Euxine or Black Sea, the ocean proper being almost entirely unknown to them. All beyond the Pillars of Hercules or Straits of Gibraltar was regarded as simply a wide river, the boundary of the world and the abode of fearful monsters. Homer and Virgil describe the wanderings of Ulysses and Æneas, with their respective companions, over sea and land; but these wanderings were confined within what seems to us quite a small extent of water, the "Midland Sea," the "land" being simply the shores and islands laved by its billows. Our increase of geographical knowledge, however, does not detract from the striking beauty of the descriptions bequeathed us by these old writers.

Coming nearer to our own times, we venture to make a few quotations from earlier and later English and American poets, feeling, however, that our task is no easy one, on account of the wealth of material from which to choose.

Shakespeare vividly describes, not only the "tumbling billows of the main," but also gives a terribly graphic picture of the bottom of the sea:

"Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearls,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in these
 holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered
 by."

Milton's *Lycidas* is, perhaps, more admired and read than even his majestic *Paradise Lost*. In this touching elegy he bewails the death of a young friend, a Mr. Edward King, who lost his life by shipwreck. The poet uses a striking simile when he says, alluding to his friend's watery grave,

"So sinks the day-star in his ocean-bed."

He then goes on to speak of the day-star's rising again from the sea as his friend's soul "mounted high."

This is not Milton's only fine reference to the

deep. In the following he beautifully describes the fragrant winds blowing over the Indian Ocean:

"As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambic; off at sea, northeast winds blow
 Sabeian odors from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the Blest; with such delay
 Well pleased, they slack their course, and many a
 league
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles."

No review of the poetry of the sea, however meagre professedly, would at all approach a satisfactory degree of completeness without including Byron's famous apostrophe to the ocean:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and un-
 known.

"His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
 wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
 And howling to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth: there let him
 lay.

"The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creators their vain title take
 Of lord of thee and arbiter of war;—
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save
 thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
 they?"

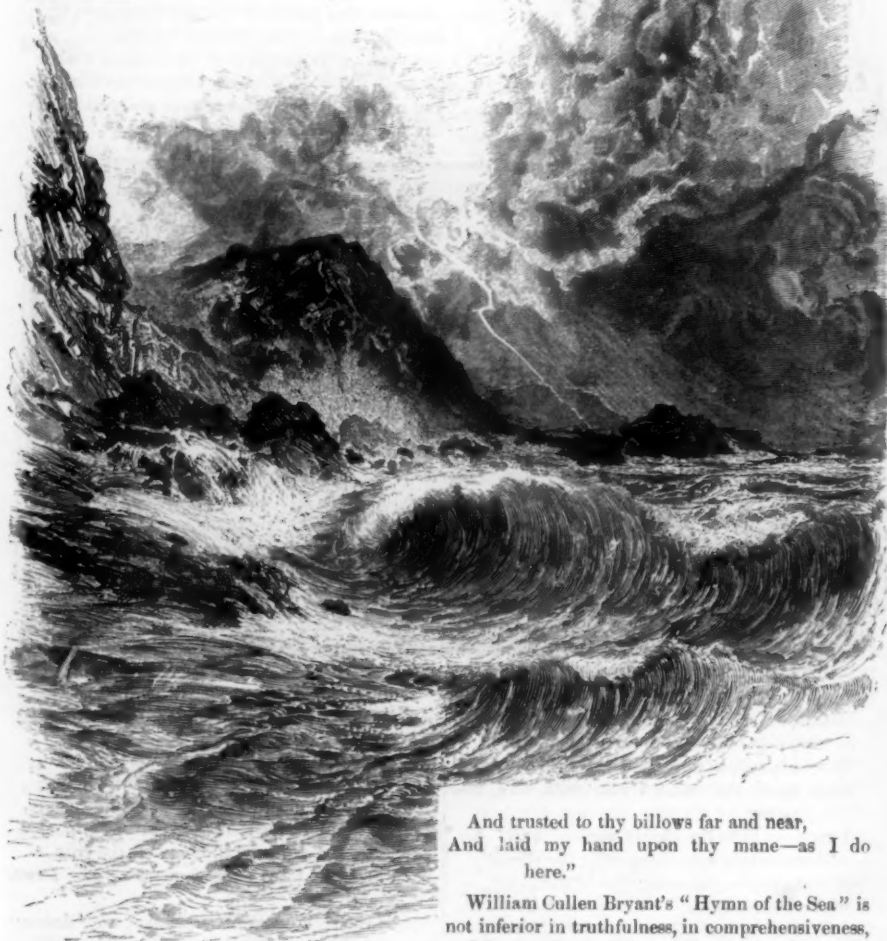
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable, save to the wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form

Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sub-
lime—

The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth—dread, fathomless,
alone.

Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,



"DARK-HEAVING, BOUNDLESS, ENDLESS, AND
SUBLIME."

"And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy,
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight: and if the freshening sea

And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do
here."

William Cullen Bryant's "Hymn of the Sea" is
not inferior in truthfulness, in comprehensiveness,
and in grandeur of description to the foregoing.
It is almost too long to quote entire, so we will
content ourselves with the following passages:

"The sea is mighty, but a Mightier sways
His restless billows. Thou whose hands have
scoped
His boundless gulfs, and built his shore, Thy
breath,

That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore.

"But who shall bide thy tempest? Who shall
face

The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?

O God! Thy justice makes the world turn
pale,

When on the armed fleet that royally
Bears down the surges, carrying war to smite
Some city or invade some thoughtless realm,
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the
sails

Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts
Are snapped asunder; downward from the
decks,

Downward, are slung into the fathomless gulf,

The long wave rolling from the southern pole
To break upon Japan." * * *

In the same poem Bryant shows the intimate
connection between land and sea, telling how all
the vegetable productions of earth are dependent
upon ocean-vapors for their very existence. He
also describes the manner in which coral islands
become fertile and inhabitable. Thus, succeeding
the passage above quoted, "Moves o'er it ever-
more,"

"The obedient waves
To its strong motion roll and rise and fall.
Still from that realm of rain thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,
And in the dropping shower with gladness hear
Thy promise of the harvest." * * *



"THE LONE ROCK BY THE SEA."

Their cruel engines; and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle-field, are whelmed
By whirlpools, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
Then stand the nations still with awe, and
pause

A moment from the bloody work of war.

These restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents; the fertile plain
Welters in shallows, headlands crumble down,
And the tide drifts the sea-sand in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou, meanwhile, afar
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds Thy work,
Creator! Thou dost teach the coral worm
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age
He builds beneath the waters, till at last
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check

And after the lines relating to the coral-reefs
follows:

"Thou bidd'st the fires,
That smolder under ocean, heave on high
The new-made mountains and uplift their peaks,
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
The birds and wafting billows plant the rifts
With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet
airs

Ripple the living lakes, that, fringed with flowers,
Are gathered in the hollows. Thou dost look
On Thy creation and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
Praise Thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn."

Passing from the more pretentious literature of
the ocean to simpler ballads, we are reminded,

first, of Mrs. Hemans's "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," of intense interest, to Americans at least. We quote four stanzas:

"The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rockbound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.
"And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England's shore.
"What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?
They sought a pure faith's shrine!

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Sadder still is Jean Ingelow's "When Sparrows Build," of which we copy one stanza and the sorrowful refrain:

"When sparrows build and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-fields spread,
And the icy founts run free,
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge and sail in the sea.



"THE WRECK."

"Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

Mournfully fascinating is Tennyson's little song,

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
"Oh! well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh! well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"O my lost love! and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once and I grieved thee sore—
I remember all that I said—
And now thou wilt hear me no more, no more,
Till the sea gives up her dead."

Pathetic, indeed, even tragic, are many songs of the sea—those telling of treacherous rocks and sunken wrecks and broken hearts. Such lays as "The Wreck of the Hesperus" or "The Lone Rock by the Sea" are always popular, appealing, as they do, directly to human sympathies. Who has not often found himself shedding tears as he has pictured the little girl, of whom Longfellow has said,

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,"
who met her untimely death

"On the reef of Norman's woe"?

and who has not marveled at the unflinching devotion of the absent sailor's wife, who answered to all the entreaties of her friends to forsake her lonely vigil,

"Woe me, tempt me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea"?

Never a doubt of her husband's final return appears once to assail her, for she concludes her hopeful song in these words:

"Come back, my ocean rover, come,
There's but one place for me,
Till I can greet thy swift sail home,
My lone rock by the sea,"

but we seem to know that he will never come back.

Cowper's noble dirge, "The Loss of the Royal George," is one of the finest productions of his pen. It begins thus:

"Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!"

Poets of every land and age have written of shipwreck, a theme always terrible, always grand. Of all poems relating to this subject we regard the following, by Helen Hunt, as one of the most unique. True, it is figurative—but the first part might be taken as the literal description of a sunken vessel over which the waves had calmly settled:

WRECK.

"So many fathoms deep my sweet ship lies
No ripple marks the place. The gulls' white
wings

Pause not; the boatman idly sleeps or sings
Floating above; and, smile to smile, with skies
That bend and shine, the sunny water vies.

Too heavy freight and of too costly things
My sweet ship bore. No tempest's mutterings
Warned me, but in clear noon, before my eyes,
She sudden faltered, rocked, and, with each
sail

Full set, went down! O heart! in divers'
mail

Wrap thee! Breathe not till, standing on her
deck,

Thou hast confronted all thy loss and wreck.
Poor, coward heart!—thou darest not plunge!
For thee

There lie no other pearls in any sea."

In the foregoing poems prominence is given to tempest and disaster. But, as we have intimated above—and as some of these same poems show—many poets also speak of the ocean in its gentler moods. The sea, like nature generally, has two aspects, one of calm as well as storm.

We here transcribe a beautiful description, entitled "Dawnlight on the Sea," in which the great expanse wears its sweetest smiles. The author is Ada Cambridge:

"When I kneel down the dawn is only breaking;
Sleep fetters still the brown wings of the
lark;

The wind blows pure and cold, for day is wak-
ing.

But stars are scattered still about the dark.

"With open lattice, looking out and praying,
Ere yet the toil and trouble must be faced,
I see a silvery glimmer straying, straying
To where the faint gray sky-line can be
traced.

"I see it slowly deepen, broaden, brighten,
With soft snow-fringes sweeping to the land—
The sheeny distance clear and gleam and
whiten—

The cool cliff-shadows sharpen on the sand.

"Some other sea the sunlight is adorning,
But mine is fair 'neath waning stars and
moon.

O friendly face! O smile that comes at morn-
ing

To shine through all the frowns that come at
noon!

"A beautiful, wet opal—pale tints filling
A thousand shifting shadows—day at length.
The sweet salt breeze like richest wine is thrill-
ing

My drowsy heart and brain with life and
strength.

"I hear the voice of waters—strong waves dash-
ing

Their white crests on the brown, weed-
sprinkled sod;

I hear the soft, continuous, measured plash-
ing—

The pulse that vibrates from the heart of
God—

"The long wash of the tide upon the shingle,
The rippling ebb of breakers on the shore,
Wherewith my prayers are fain to blend and
mingle—

Whereto I set my dreams for evermore.

"I hear the lap and swirl. I hear the thunder
In the dark grotto where the children play,
Where walls, to keep the sea and cave asunder,
And frail shell towers were reared but yester-
day.

"The flood has filled my soul, and it is sweeping
My foolish stones and pebbles out to sea,

And floating in strange riches for my keeping:
O Friend! O God! I owe my best to Thee!

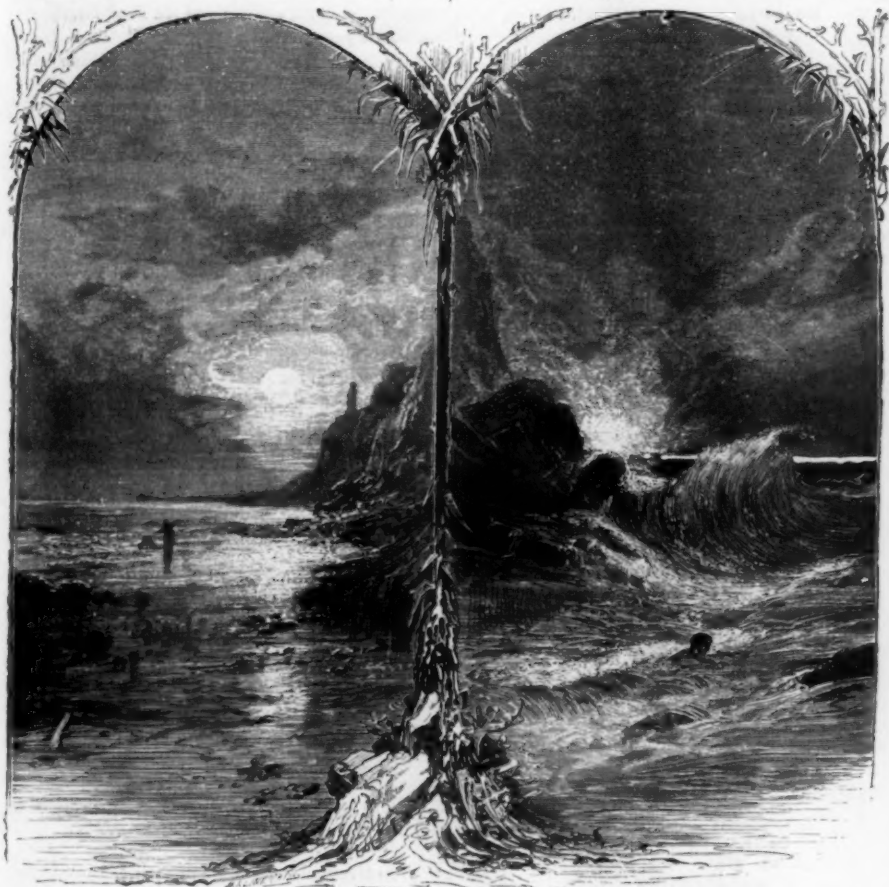
"The best of every day, its peace and beauty,
From Thy mysterious treasure-house is
drawn;

Thou teachest me the grace of life and duty
When we two walk together in the dawn."

This will remind the reader of some of Celia

Hymns and distinctively religious poems abound in illustrations drawn from the ocean and the dangers threatening mariners. Among the finest of the older writers of such sacred lyrics are John Newton, Charles Wesley, Cowper, and Toplady. Mrs. Southey's beautiful "Mariner's Hymn," beginning "Launch thy bark, mariner," is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be.

We conclude by quoting a few stanzas of some



"CALM AND STORM."

Thaxter's happiest efforts. Mrs. Thaxter seems to see in the various phases of the ocean only beauty, loveliness, light, and color.

Another order of sea-poems—probably the most familiar of all—consists of patriotic odes and rollicking sailor-songs. Among these are "Rule, Britannia," "Ye Mariners of England," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "A Wet Slee and a Flowing Sea," "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and others, all too well known to need more than a passing allusion.

of the more familiar hymns in which these allusions to the sea are the most striking:

"Come, heavenly wind, and blow

A prosperous gale of grace,

To waft from all below

To Heaven, my destined place!

Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,

And leave the world and sin behind."

And:

"The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;

Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

"O Lord! the pilot's part perform,
Oh! guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say 'Peace, be still!'"

Also:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last."

More modern hymn-writers have sung in somewhat similar strains, but from these our readers may make their own selections. In fact, it would be difficult in the whole range of religious lyric poetry to discover anything of the kind finer than the stanza just given. H.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.



L O! the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of Heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy:
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!"

"Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we, poor citizens of air?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily.
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow!
God provideth for the morrow!"

"One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall;
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow;
God provideth for the morrow!"

BISHOP HEBER.

WHEN youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

IN SPRINGTIME.

Oh! say, have you heard in the sweet, fragrant woods

The tale which the south wind is telling;
How the trees are preparing to put on new robes,
And the little brown buds are all swelling?

How the streamlets are trickling and tinkling along,
Set free from the fetters that bound them,
And the mosses and grasses are donning their green,
A pattern to all things around?

How the flowers, hid under the blankets of leaves,
Are bidding each other good-morning,
And smiling and whispering there in the dark,
Each weaving her proper adorning?

The violet's purple, the pink of the rose,
The white of the lily are growing,
And faintly, methinks, comes the odor of each
On the breath that the breezes are blowing.

Oh! come, let us go to the sweet, fragrant woods,
And list to the wonderful story;
The reign of dark winter is over and gone,
And springtime is here in her glory.

S. J. J.

LEAVES FROM A STEPMOTHER'S JOURNAL.

TO-MORROW is the day of my bridal. It is drawing very near. This morning, as Helen was fastening some flowers in my hair, she said to me, in her sweet winning way: "Louise, dear, I hope that you will never regret the step that you have taken. But do you not sometimes dread the thought of becoming a stepmother to those children—the one thirteen and the other five—whom you have never yet seen? A stepmother's lot, you know, people say is so hard."

"Helen," I replied, "when I promised Norman Grainger that I would become his wife, I did so fully realizing, I hope, the responsibilities which such a step involved, and I have never yet seen the moment when I would have retracted that promise. God helping me, I shall be to him a faithful wife and a conscientious mother to his children. Therefore, I have no fears of the future."

"Indeed, I hope that you will be very happy," was her reply, and then, in the words of an old song, she added, gayly:

"Be but as happy as I wish,
And you'll be blessed indeed,"

and I knew the wish was sincere, for it came from the depths of a warm, loving heart.

WOODLAWN, Sept. 8th.—The eventful day has come and gone and I am in my new home. It is very charming here, but Norman tells me that when the woods around are in their full autumn dress, as they will be soon, it is more lovely still.

This is a fine old mansion and I find the household arrangements very complete. Mrs. Willis, the housekeeper, has been here several years and seems to thoroughly understand her business. Her services will relieve me of a great deal of care and leave me time to attend to other duties. When I arrived she gave me a true motherly welcome, but the two children, Gertrude and Willie, met me in the hall with cold, averted faces, and when I approached them with a kindly greeting Gertrude shrank back without offering her hand, while Willie shouted out:

"Go away, naughty woman! We don't want you here. Go away, I say!" stamping his little foot to give emphasis to his words.

Shocked and bewildered, I retreated to the sofa from which I had arisen, while the children ran out at the door to meet their father.

"It is all the work of Betty, their nurse," Mrs. Willis said to me when the children had vanished; "but time and patience will work wonders with them. They are naturally warm-hearted, loving children, but they need a firm hand to guide them, for they have been sadly neglected."

It was, however, a painful moment to me, and could hardly repress my feelings, but I con-

quered them sufficiently to be able to appear cheerful when Mrs. Willis summoned us to tea.

Oct. 1st.—During the past week I have received a number of calls from the neighboring people. Some came, as I could plainly see, from a cold curiosity, while others showed a sincere regard for my welfare and hoped we should be very neighborly. To such I shall be very glad to be a friend and neighbor, although not a confidant. I could never confide my personal or household affairs to any one, believing it to be a bad practice. Many a young married woman has wrecked her own happiness and destroyed her husband's peace of mind by making confidants of those whom she thought were friends.

It seems strange to me, as I recall it, but I have noticed of late that several of our visitors, as they sat conversing, have instinctively glanced up to a certain place upon the parlor wall now covered by a large chromo, and to-day Mrs. Stebbins, having looked long and earnestly at that particular spot, fixed her black eyes upon me with such an inquisitive, curious gaze that she made me feel very nervous and uncomfortable throughout the remainder of her visit. I will examine the wall to-morrow to see if there is any defect there which the picture hides.

My life here is very calm and peaceful. Norman is the kindest and best of husbands, and were it not for the children I could indeed feel that my lot had been cast in pleasant places.

But I have never yet been able to win a tender or loving word from them. Gertrude is respectful, of course; she knows she must be that, but so cold and distant, while Willie clings closely to her and keeps as far as possible away from me.

It is becoming a source of torture to me that I cannot win their love, but I never complain; such a course would be folly. I only pray for them in the silence of my chamber, in the watches of the night. I pray for strength and patience to overcome all this.

Dec. 24th.—To-morrow is Christmas Day. I have been to the city and purchased suitable gifts for each member of my family. For Gertrude, Norman and I decided upon a new piano. It is a "Steinway," of superior tone and finish. She is passionately fond of music and is already, for one of her years, a very fair performer. It is a gift which she inherits from her father.

25th.—

"This is the merry Christmas morn,
This is the day that Christ was born."

How the words of that old carol went ringing through my head as I went about my daily duties this morning! I have heard it sung so many times in the dear old home at Brentham—the sunny home of my childhood.

Father, mother, brothers, and sister—all will

be there to-day, but I will not be with them. Alas! I have other ties to bind me now; but my heart goes out to them with just the same tenderness as in the days gone by, and I know that I shall be remembered there.

Later.—A Christmas gift came to me to-day—a priceless gift. I have found the hearts of my children and they are mine!

Going up the stairs to my room, soon after breakfast, I noticed that the door of the attic chamber, nearly always kept locked, stood now ajar. Pausing a moment upon the landing, I heard a sound as of suppressed sobbing and the words, "Mamma, mamma!" uttered as in an agony of grief. Wonder-stricken, I went softly up the steps and looked in. Kneeling there upon the floor before the portrait of a most lovely lady, which rested against the wall, were the two children, Gertrude and Willie, their arms clasped around each other and their faces swollen with weeping. In an instant I comprehended the scene! *This* was their mother's picture, and here, to this silent, inanimate canvas, they had come to unburden their childish grief.

At this moment their father appeared. He, too, had seen the door standing open, and, hearing voices, had come up.

"Norman," I said, touching the picture reverently, "is *this* the portrait of your first wife?"

He bowed a silent assent.

"Then let it be restored to its place at once," I said, "for I do not wish any changes to be made for me which will cause a moment's unhappiness to any member of your family."

So we took the picture up, Norman and I, carried it down the stairway and into the drawing-room, and hung it in its old place upon the wall, above the sofa.

This evening, as I sat there in the waning fire-light, I heard swift footsteps approaching, and in a moment more two arms were about my neck and two lips were pressed closely to mine. It was Gertrude, who whispered, softly:

"Dearest mamma! can you forgive me?"

Close at her side was Willie, and warmly I embraced them both, telling them of my love for them, while the soft, blue eyes of their mother seemed to look down upon us with a benison.

Oh! happy, happy ending of the Christmas Day! Sitting there, with an arm around each, I told them of that night in far-off Bethlehem and of the song the angels sang, and their father coming in soon and finding us all there, Gertrude opened the beautiful new piano, and we all sang many Christmas hymns, for our hearts were filled with joy and with thankfulness to Him who is the "Giver of all good."

And thus endeth my first Christmas Day, in my new home. May kind Heaven vouchsafe us many more such.

EMILY SANBORN.

"IN PAWN."

"GO, child, go. I must have drink. I must! I must!"

"But, father, there is nothing left to pawn; everything is gone."

"No, child, no; not everything. The picture. Go. I must have drink. I must! I say."

Bessie threw herself before her father in an agony of grief, crying:

"Not that, father; no, no, not that. It is all I have that belongs to my mother, and—oh! I would rather die than part with it."

"Stuff and nonsense, child. It's worth money, and money will buy drink. Don't let it go too cheap; it's worth money, I say. Yes," he laughed, "it's worth money. I had it taken and set in the gold when I didn't know the good of drink. Go," he said, sternly, "and no more of this foolishness."

"I cannot pawn the locket," she said, decidedly, as she rose and turned away.

"Then steal the money, but bring me the drink. I must have it, I say. I'd pawn myself if I could. Go—take the locket and be gone, or I'll dash my brains out."

Bessie stood still a moment, and then, turning to him with the tears in her eyes, said:

"Will you kiss me before I go, father?"

"No, no; wait till you bring the drink. Go!" and he motioned her away with his hand.

A few moments later Bessie was standing by the counter of the pawnbroker's shop, her eyes dry, but her little face showing traces of terrible suffering.

David Downs was listening unmoved to a story of wretchedness and misery, but, though he was pronounced by all who knew him harsh and cruel, there was, as there is with all of God's creatures, a soft spot in his heart, and that soft spot had more than once been unconsciously touched by Bessie; and yet it was still the harsh voice that turned to her when they were alone and said:

"Well, what now?"

She handed him the locket and asked:

"How much would you give on this?"

He examined it carefully, looked hard at the likeness, and then said:

"I might—yes, I think I could—lend you ten dollars on that. Wouldn't that keep him in drink some time?" and he chuckled and turned away with the locket.

"Please, Mr. Downs," said Bessie, "I don't want you to keep it."

"What, do you want more than that?" he asked, sharply.

"No," said the child, looking up at him, "but I want to know if you won't give that on me. I could take care of things, you know, and I'd try not to eat much. Oh! please do, Mr. Downs."

It was curious to notice the expression on the man's face. For a moment he looked at the child

as though he were turned to stone, and then he took out his colored handkerchief and blew his nose very hard.

"If I understand aright," he said, when he again looked down on her, "you wish to put yourself in pawn."

"Yes, please, Mr. Downs."

"H'm! I never did such a thing, but if you wish it very much—if you would rather do that than have me keep this—"

"Yes, yes," she said, holding out her hand for the locket, "I can't give that up. It's my mother's."

David Downs was a sharp, keen-sighted man, and, even before he saw the little mouth quiver, his mind was made up.

"Well," he said, returning the locket, "if I agree to put you in pawn, you must let me take the money for you. You know you can't go back then."

Bessie choked back a sob as she took the locket, but she said nothing as she saw the money counted and a ticket prepared.

"You can sit down and keep an eye on the place till I come back. If any one comes they can wait."

Bessie longed to say something as David Downs went out, but the words seemed to stick in her throat, and he dared not say more lest he should be harsh and cruel, for his impulse was to do or say something violent. He made a long circuit and walked rapidly to work off his feelings before he ventured into the presence of Alfred Holmes, for, though he was accustomed to heartrending tales and scenes, he had never been so moved as now.

"Well, Holmes," he said, as he entered the drear and desolate apartment, "I suppose there is nothing left now for me to have. I—"

"H'm! What business is that of yours? Is the child coming with the drink?"

"No. I have brought you the money and the pawn ticket. See; this will last some time," and he counted out the money as his companion's dull eyes brightened.

"Ha!" he said. "I told her it was worth something. Why don't she come with the drink? I'm burning up and must have it."

"How much do you want? I will get it for you. Your child can't come."

"Yes; get the drink. But where is the child?"

"If you look at that card you'll see where the child is. She's in pawn."

"H'm," said his companion, looking at him in a dazed way.

"Do you understand me?" said David Downs, growing excited; "the child is in pawn, and you have put her there. Yes, wretched being that you are! She would die sooner than give up what you wished her to. So she has done the next thing to it—she has put herself in pawn. You will have to sell your soul next. I am going for the drink," and before his companion could say anything he had left him.

When, a few moments later, he returned, Alfred Holmes was crouching in a corner, his whole body shaking as though he had a chill. David Downs handed him the drink without a word, but, instead of raising it to his lips, he put it down on the floor in such a way that it slowly spread itself around and about him, as he held out the pawn ticket and the money, saying:

"You can send the child back. I want her."

"What for? To lead the life she has led lately? No; it is too late for that. See; the money is not all here, for I have spent some for that miserable stuff you have sold your child for."

"You must send her back," said the wretched man. "I will do anything you ask me if you'll only send her back. In pawn! in pawn!"

He half rose as he spoke, and trembled more and more as he tried to catch hold of the pawnbroker, who only looked down on him with a frown, saying:

"It is too late, I tell you. I cannot send her back now, and you need never come to claim her till you can bring proofs that you can support her comfortably and do something to make her happy. Good-bye, Alfred Holmes. You need not come to my place for your child now, as you will not find her."

Before he could get out of the room a wild figure sprang toward him, and taking him by the arm, said excitedly:

"My child! my child! Send her back. I have got the shivers!" and looking about him and speaking as though he were afraid of being heard, he added: "I am afraid to stay alone."

"There!" said David Downs, shaking him off; "I will send some one to stay with you; but you cannot have your child."

For the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitants the establishment of the pawnbroker was closed for a whole afternoon. Indeed, David Downs could attend to no business until he had taken Bessie to the home he had in his own mind chosen for her. He left her with a kind, motherly woman, who soon made her open her young, sad heart and take in the love and sympathy for want of which it was starving.

For three years Bessie heard nothing of her father, save that he was alive, for whatever else David Downs knew of him he kept to himself; but at the end of that time a stranger presented himself to her who told her he could give her some tidings of her father if she cared to hear them.

An eager though sad look came into her face as she turned to ask the question she almost feared to put, but there was something in the face that looked down at her so longingly that made her, in spite of the snow-white hair, throw herself into the stranger's arms, crying excitedly:

"Father! O father!"

"Bessie," said Alfred Holmes, later in the day, handing her a roll of money, "there is the money."

Bessie knew what money he meant, but looked up simply and asked: "Have you the ticket?"

"No. David Downs has it."

"Then—then I am not—"

"No, Bessie, you are not in pawn now, and you can do what you choose with that money."

"Then, father," said Bessie, putting her arms about his neck, "we will give it to David Downs. He will know how to do good with it better than we."

"What is it?—my hair?" he asked, as he saw her looking at him curiously. "It turned white like this the first month I was alone in the world,

Bessie. But you and I must never talk of that time, little girl."

A year later it was rumored that David Downs was fast making a bankrupt of himself and turning his place of business into a charitable institution. Wise ones shook their heads and said he would soon want a home himself, but there was always one who spoke up when he was near and said:

"No, no. David Downs shall never want a home nor means of support so long as Alfred Holmes has two strong arms to use in his behalf."

A. WESTON WHITNEY.



SCAMLEHS.

OUR illustration shows a merchant of Damascus who deals in what are called *scamlehs*. These are little, octagonal tables representing a fragment or base of a column, covered with ivory, mother-of-pearl, and threads of bright metal tastefully disposed upon the dark wood in the form of flowers, arabesques and the like. But according to Dr. Lortet a recent French traveler in Syria, European taste is having a disastrous effect

upon these unique works of Asiatic art. French and English collectors have ordered chairs, sofas, and other pieces of furniture, ornamented in the same style, which does not correspond with Western models. So, for money, Arab artists are forsaking or spoiling their old-time vocation—to such an extent, indeed, that it is becoming more and more difficult to find genuine *scamlehs* such as have been made and sold in Damascus for centuries.

FEATHER CHAT.

FROM time immemorial, it seems, ladies have worn feathers in their hats. And so they do to-day. At different seasons the plumage of different birds has had supremacy, but feathers of some kind have always waved in the breeze above fair wearers, altogether different from the original ones. So it were useless to say to womankind: "Don't wear feathers"—even if one felt impelled to do so. But "Don't wear feathers," with some qualification, might reasonably be said.

As a matter of elegant economy don't wear ostrich feathers, except in your very best bonnet. A large, full ostrich plume is beautiful, even magnificent; but a fine one costs something; and what looks worse than a mean one? A five-dollar feather is out of place with an every-day dress, and a pieced "stump" soon shows what it is. Besides, a nice plume quickly gets out of curl and then its loveliness is gone. So, as a matter of saving pennies and dollars, get feather-breasts and bands invulnerable to dampness for ordinary wear. These never get out of curl and always look well.

Still, if you have an elegant ostrich plume, with care it will last you a lifetime. Judiciously kept back, it may adorn your Sunday bonnet until you are too old for such vanities. If light, it can be dyed; if soiled, cleaned. The only difficulty is the curling, which not every one can do or have done satisfactorily. After practice you may succeed in doing it yourself, but a long plume can more easily be spoiled in the operation than not. Small tips—*real* ones, however—are not very expensive and will not suffer much if experimented upon. If you do want to wear ostrich feathers as a general thing, purchase black tips. They are always fashionable and may be worn with any hat or dress upon any occasion requiring a bonnet. If they get out of curl, try the following method of restoring them:

Hang them over a fire, a register, or in some place in which they can be exposed to a steady stream of heat without danger of scorching. Allow them to remain quite a long time, say several hours, or until all the separate vanes fly out—like the hair on the long-suffering image used in electrical amusements. Then grasp each feather firmly in the left hand, and, with a dull penknife or scissor-blade in the right, pull out each separate vane, or group of vanes, between the blade and the thumb, beginning close to the root of the vanes. Pull firmly, but not too hard, or you will scrape the fuzz off. A feather should not be too curly, but the portion thereof nearest the end should be more so than that next the stump. Having pulled out the vanes carefully, hang the feather again in a warm place for a little while to receive a final "cooking." A good feather may be done up

more than once, but it will not bear the process too often.

I have recommended small birds' feathers in preference to ostrich on the score of economy. But here is a voice at my elbow saying that ostrich feathers should be preferred to those of other fowl on the score of humanity. Do you know, I am asked, that thousands of innocent birds are slaughtered simply for decorative purposes, while a plucked ostrich suffers no more than a plucked goose? Well, it does seem—and it is—wicked to kill harmless little creatures merely for their pretty heads and breasts and wings. But then consider the roosters and the pigeons and the pheasants and the partridges, all of which are good to eat. After they have ministered to our bodily necessities, why should we not use their cast-off finery? Then, what is more gorgeous than the plumage of the peacock, which is always fashionable—that is, the small tufts, even when the "eye" is out of popular favor? The living bird sheds enough for the adornment of our head-gear, being, so far as decorative elements are concerned, the goose that lays the golden egg. Some birds, in some localities, are nuisances and are destroyed as such, but we value their gay garments nevertheless. The owl is an instance. How his picturesque head is prized! As to the birds which are killed without excuse, I think if you had their feathers you might conscientiously wear them, even though you might deplore the manner in which they came to you, precisely as you might regret a relative's death and yet accept the legacy which he left you. If your influence had weight enough to set or to change a fashion it might be different. I know if the question ever came directly before me thus, "Shall that pretty bird die in order that you may be adorned?" I should say, "Let the bird live." But as it is, I think *some* of the reports circulated about the wanton slaughter of birds sensational.

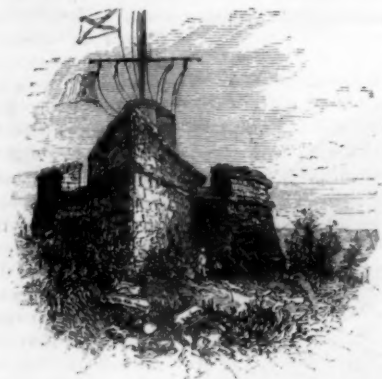
However, if there is a doubt, the following list is a safe one to choose from: Ostrich, peacock, pheasant, partridge, duck, and pigeon. Reject whole birds, especially the humming-bird.

MARGARET.

HOW OLD IS GLASS?—The oldest specimen of pure glass having anything like a date is a little molded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection in the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed as more than two thousand years B. C. glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows that the art was nothing new.

HELP others, and you relieve yourself. Go out and drive away the cloud from a distressed friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart.

AN ARTIST'S TRIP TO THE BAHAMAS.



AN unnoticeable speck on the map represents unsuggestively the group of islands off the coast of Florida, which are "summer isles of Eden" to the American weary of the intense severity of the New York and Boston winters. The Englishman, although the Bahamas form part of his empire, has no such refuge within such easy reach; nevertheless, so delightful is the place that a winter there is worth a voyage into the New World. Especially is it to be recommended to artists, for in no other part of the world are the beauties of quasitropical nature and climate within such easy reach; and the painter who has never seen the colors of the South has a world to learn and enjoy. With the voyage down the coast of the United States come the pleasures and wonders of Southern nature. The flying fish and porpoises are a constant amusement and interest as they play within sight of the steamer. Near New Providence wonderful effects of color surprise and delight the eye by their brilliancy and novelty; curious, for instance, is the combination of an azure sky with the most delicately tinted green water, while the colorless sand far below looks so near that it seems easy to stretch down a hand and take up one of the tiny fish skimming across the clear depths of the ocean. The voyager can hardly realize that he is not floating in a shallow stream.

The first morning at Nassau brings the delightful surprise of a breakfast of fruit—pine-apples, grapes, and watermelons; after which the warm weather and the comfortable rooms of the Royal Victoria Hotel invite to the indulgence of a siesta. The pleasure of a walk of exploration will probably follow, in the course of which the new-comer will feel a sincere mystification as to the month of the year in which he has lighted on Nassau; he will wonder also in what distant period he was familiar with snow and east wind; he will be much surprised at the absence of chimneys, and

the extreme whiteness of the houses is at first rather trying to the eyesight. Oleander-trees in full bloom, roses, and other sweet flowers grow in wild, uncultivated profusion. The thermometer generally marks seventy-four degrees Fahrenheit and varies very little during the winter months. A thin layer of soil is enough for nature to work marvels upon in this land of surprises. Large trees appear to grow out of rocks, and at some distance from the town a beautiful specimen of one of the wonderful banyan trees is to be seen. No traveler should quit Nassau without visiting it. The big trunks in the middle and tiny ones of varied sizes shooting from the branches above form natural arbors of the greatest beauty.

One of the most extraordinary productions of nature is the "life plant." It grows low on the ground, and if a leaf or two be gathered and fastened on the wall of a room, without water and without soil, tiny shoots will spring from the parent leaf, and in time the marvelous little plant will multiply itself and spread until all the walls will be lined with it as by a thick, velvety, green paper. The creepers cannot be surpassed for variety and beauty. Nothing is easier than the floral decoration of a dinner-table or a ball-room in the Bahamas, and this in spite of the entire absence of gardens, as we understand the world. Every flower that blooms in England is to be found side by side with the blossoms of a sub-tropical vegetation.

After feasting his eyes upon the beauties of the Southern flora, the traveler will probably bestow his attention on the calm and glittering waters of the Southern sea. A sail from the harbor of Nassau may be safely undertaken under the auspices of a local celebrity—an intelligent and obliging colored man, who goes by the name of Captain Sampson. He thoroughly understands the management of his boat, and navigation among these islands and coral-reefs (there are about five hundred of them) is no easy matter. Down in the clear water grow and float the wonders of the deep, dark sky-blue fishes, orange-colored fishes, coral, submarine plants, sea fans—all at a distance of sixty feet or perhaps more.

Most memorable is the return from a sail when the sun is declining. The wonderful effect produced by a gorgeous Bahamian sunset I fear it is beyond my power to describe, so varied are the delicate tints and so short is the time in which it can be enjoyed, for the great ball of fire has disappeared from the gaze almost before its descent can be realized—

"At one stride comes the dark."

Less delightful is the night at Nassau, except to a sound sleeper, for there is a perpetual concert kept up between Bahamian dogs, cats, and cocks which crow with the striking of every hour. This

is not conducive to sleep, but it is surprising how soon custom makes the noise tolerable. In the winter at Nassau it rarely rains; if, therefore,

wonderful experiences to be related in after-times when dark days will be lightened by leisurely memories of the "summer world." Moonlight at



NASSAU HARBOR.

a picnic be planned two or three days before the time, the usual "weather" need never be feared as a marplot.

I should urge the traveler to devote one day to visiting what I consider one of the gems in Bahamian scenery. This is a little island called Salt Cay. It is only accessible (for ladies, at least) in tolerably calm weather.

On one side of this island the mighty waves of the Atlantic rage and foam, almost bewildering a spectator with their impetuosity and majestic beauty; on the other side lies a smooth, silvery lake, and on its placid surface wild duck and other sea birds enjoy life in safety. The sky is azure-blue and the waves are a delicate apple-green. The visitor who may happen to be personally acquainted with the hospitable owner of this island will, I can answer for it, leave with mind and body both seasonably refreshed. As the sun sets the boatmen give warning that it is time to think of returning. And then begins one of the most

Nassau is different from moonlight in England. It is so brilliant there that print can easily be read by it. Add to this the phosphorescent light on the lucid green water and the brightness of innumerable stars. Although the Bahamas lie outside the tropics and in the Northern Hemisphere, the Southern Constellations appear at times over the rim of the horizon. Fortunate is the traveler who there catches a glimpse—a never-to-be-forgotten glimpse—of the Southern Cross. Should the wind be favorable, the little boat glides rapidly through the "Narrows" to the monotonous song of the dusky boatmen. These are exquisite moments, which the mind would willingly prolong indefinitely.

"How sweet it were
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream."

MISTAKES.—It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world, to look for judgment and experience in youth, to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike, not to yield to immaterial trifles, to look for perfection in our own actions, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied, not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power, not to make allowances for the infirmities of others to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform, to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

A SKETCH OF "MARTHA FARQUEHARSON,"

AUTHOR OF THE "ELSIE BOOKS."

AFTER a pleasant visit from my friend, Miss Martha Finley, it occurred to me that the readers of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE would like to hear something of the personal history of her who has held the interest of young people in her thoughts for so many of the best years of her life. Her memory will be enshrined in the hearts of the rising generation, and her successes need not my words of appreciation, but it may give encouragement to others to know how she has persevered through discouragements and frail health, and to-day is one of the most popular writers of books for the young in America.

Miss Finley was born April 26th, 1828, in Chillicothe, Ohio, of which town her paternal grandfather was one of the early settlers. Her father, Dr. James B. Finley, was the eldest son of General Finley, a Revolutionary officer of the Virginia line, and Mary Brown, daughter of one of Pennsylvania's early legislators. Her mother was Maria Theresa Brown, daughter of James Brown (brother to her Grandmother Finley) and Eleanor Butler, daughter of Thomas Butler, who was a great-grandson of that Duke of Ormond who was influential in making the treaty of Utrecht, and of whom Macaulay speaks so highly in his *History of England*. This James Butler was the first of the Anglo-Irish family of Butler upon whom the title of "Duke" was conferred; previously, the title was "Earl." The family was of illustrious antiquity; genealogical record carried it back to the Dukes of Normandy before the Conquest, and it is certain that at the dawn of the thirteenth century it held the hereditary office of royal cup-bearer or *butler*, whence the family name. He was born in 1610, and in the Rebellion of 1640 was appointed to the chief command of the army on the side of the King—Charles I—during his long contest with the Parliament, and, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, upheld the royal authority on that island. When the last crisis of the King's fortunes came he resigned his Irish command and retired to France, from which country he again returned to Ireland with the desperate design of restoring royal authority, and after a gallant but unequal struggle was compelled in 1650 to return once more to France. His services in the royal cause continued unremitting during his exile, and at the restoration he accompanied Charles II on his return and was rewarded for his fidelity by the ducal title of Ormond. It is said that his burial-place in Westminster Abbey is the tomb once occupied by Cromwell.

The Butlers were military men. Five of Miss Finley's great-uncles were in the war of the Revo-

lution—two of them on Washington's staff—while their father, being too old to fight, carried provisions to the army.

General Washington upon one occasion gave the toast, "Thomas Butler, the brave old man, and his five sons."

One of her great-uncles—Dr. Samuel Finley—was one of the early presidents of Princeton College. Her grandfathers, both on her father's and her mother's side, were wealthy, but lost heavily through others. Her grandfather Finley received large tracts of land from the Government in acknowledgment of his services in the Revolution; he laid out and owned the whole town of Newville, Pa. Some of his land being in Ohio, he finally removed to that State.

All of Miss Finley's ancestors, so far back as we can gain knowledge of them, were honorable, upright, Christian men and women. Both the Finleys and Browns are of Scotch-Irish descent and have martyr blood in their veins.

Miss Finley's mother was a lady of fine mind, highly cultivated, accomplished, beautiful, and devotedly pious. Martha was the sixth of her ten children, and when she was eight years of age they removed to South Bend, Indiana, then quite a small town. Her mother was opposed to this change, principally because the children were not likely to have the educational advantages they would have enjoyed in Ohio. They found no good school there, but they had taken with them a good stock of books—history, poetry, fiction of the better sort, such as Miss Edgeworth's, Mrs. Sherwood's, etc., and the mother would gather her girls about her with their sewing and a book, and all in turn read aloud.

Two years after their first great sorrow came in the death of this dear mother, quickly followed by that of the infant sister and their father's mother, who resided with them. The next year the father took his five little daughters to Philadelphia, where he left them in the care of his sister, the wife of Rev. William L. Maccalla. There they had the advantage of attending an excellent private school and also had writing and French masters. In April, 1840, her father having taken a second wife, they all returned to South Bend.

A competent lady teacher had been procured from New York, and they had the benefit of her instructions for two years; then, for six or seven years, there was no school to which their father was willing to send them, and Martha tried studying at home, but not with much success. She had a great longing to go away somewhere to get a good education, and her father always intended that she should, but circumstances were against it. She had never been physically strong, and by the time she had reached her twentieth year her health seemed utterly wrecked. An irritated

spine, dyspepsia, and other ailments caused so much suffering and depression of spirits that, believing her work was done and she could be of no more use in the world, she felt at times she would be glad to die. Then there came a slight improvement in her health, and a learned lady, coming from Massachusetts, opened a school there; this she attended, studying almost constantly from six in the morning until ten at night. When she was twenty-three years of age a fire swept away nearly all her father's property, and a few years later he died, after an illness of ten days.

In the winter of 1853 Miss Finley went to New York to visit a widowed sister, and then and there began her literary career, writing a short story for a newspaper and a little book, which was published by the Baptist Board of Publication.

Between the years of 1856 and 1870 she wrote more than twenty Sunday-school books and several series of juveniles, one series containing as many as twelve books. These were followed by *Casella*, *Peddler of La Grave*, *Old-Fashioned Boy*, and *Our Fred*. Her two novels, *Wanted—A Pedigree* and *Signing the Contract*, are published by Dodd, Mead & Co., as are also the "Elsie" books, eight in number, and the "Mildred" series, now containing four volumes, both of which have won their author much popularity in the difficult vocation of writing for children. She has also written some short sketches for magazines and was at one time a frequent contributor to the *Sunday-School Times*.

It has been a source of regret of Miss Finley that she did not from the beginning use her own name. She wrote many Sunday-school books anonymously, then took the name of "Farquharson," that being the name of her clan—the Gaelic of Finley. She has in her possession a description of the Farquharson coat of arms and crest.

At the commencement of her literary career she wrote almost exclusively for children and was successful in securing publishers and the appreciation of the public, but for years the remuneration was slight, and her ill-health prevented rapid work. She nobly battled with all difficulties and discouragements, and the results of her faith and perseverance are yielding her a most comfortable income.

She has been an invalid most of her life, and the greater part of her writings have been done while reclining in an invalid's chair or lying in bed. She has also been much hindered in her work by defective sight, caused by a peculiar malformation of the eyes, which, however, does not affect their appearance. She is an earnest, consistent Christian worker, actuated by the desire to do all the good in her power to her fellow-creatures.

Although writing for children has been a specialty with Miss Finley, she has not confined her-

self exclusively to it, and some of her books for adults have won quite as much popularity as the "Elsie" series for children.

By God's blessing upon skillful treatment her health and sight have much improved, and she trusts her best work is yet to be done.

Miss Finley is of medium size, well proportioned, and her presence is motherly and serene. She is gentle and courteous in manner, easy and agreeable in conversation, has a clear, pleasant voice, and speaks freely and unreservedly of her early struggles in the path of literature. Her beautiful silvery hair is worn in a heavy plait around a handsome comb at the back and clings in little tendrils about her forehead. Her complexion is fair and smooth; her eyes—generally shaded by gold-rimmed spectacles—are a soft hazel, and she dresses in perfect taste.

Her home has been for some years in the town of Elkton, Cecil County, Md. Not having the cares of housekeeping—for she boards with a family of her friends—she can devote as much time as her health permits to literary pursuits, not omitting her daily walk when the weather is pleasant. Her large, pleasant room is on the ground floor, and, with its lofty ceiling and large bay-window looking toward the south, is bright and cheerful. Near this window stands a revolving book-case; near the west window is her writing-desk, and close beside it her reclining chair, in which many pages of MS. are written, her paper held upon a blotting-pad—while from the north window, with its blue-glass panes, is had an almost hourly view of trains of cars which run from New York to Washington.

No one can be more humbly grateful than Miss Finley for the success which has crowned her efforts—success which she feels is not so much due to any talent she may possess, but as a sweet evidence of the goodness of God in answer to prayer.

MRS. MARY E. IRELAND.

OPPORTUNITIES.—A lesson that we all need to learn is to grasp opportunities the instant they appear. A person was walking along the seashore gathering the treasures which were left on the sands. He was searching in a dreamy way, listlessly looking here and there. Suddenly the waves left at his feet a shell more beautiful than any he had found. "That shell is safe enough," he said; "I can pick that up at my leisure." But as he waited a higher wave swept along the beach, recaptured the shell, and bore it back to the bosom of the ocean. Is not that like many of our opportunities? Seemingly they are providentially cast at our feet. The chance to do good or to get good seems so wholly within our reach that we think it safe to attend to other matters first. We delay for a moment, and when we turn again the opportunity is gone.

ONLY TIM.

CHAPTER I.

"I SAY, Bee, are you coming?"

Claude Molyneux, in all the glory of fourteen summers and a suit of new, white flannels, stands looking up with a slight frown of impatience at an open bay-window. It has been one of the hottest of August days, and now, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the haze of heat hangs over the sea and makes a purple cloud of the distant coast. But for all that it is splendid weather, just the kind of weather that a boy likes when he comes to spend his holidays at the seaside, and Claude, who is an Indian-born boy, has no objection to a good hot summer.

As he stands, hands in pockets, on the narrow pebbled path under the window, you cannot help admiring the grace of his slim, well-knit figure and the delicate molding of his features. The fair skin is sun-tanned, as a boy's skin ought to be; the eyes, large and heavy-lidded, are of a dark-gray, not brilliant, but soft; the light, fine hair is cropped close to the shapely head. He is a lad that one likes at the first glance, and although one sees, all too plainly, that those chiseled lips can take a disdainful curl sometimes, one knows instinctively that they may always be trusted to tell the simple truth. Anything mean, anything sneaky, could not live in the steady light of those dark-gray eyes.

"I say, Bee-e?" he sings out again, with a little drawl, which, however, does not make the tone less imperative. Master Claude is not accustomed to be kept waiting and is beginning to think himself rather badly used.

"Coming," cries a sweet treble, and then a head and shoulders appear above the row of scarlet geraniums on the window-sill.

She is worth waiting for, this loitering Bee, whose sixteen years have given her none of the airs of premature womanhood. Her smooth, round cheeks are tinted with the tender pink of the shell; her great eyes of speedwell blue are opened frankly and fearlessly on the whole world. Taken singly, not one of her features is perhaps quite faultless, but it would be hard to find a critic who could quarrel with the small face, framed in waves of ruddy golden hair that go tumbling down below her waist. You can see a freckle or two on the sides of her little nose and notice that her slender hands are browned by the seaside sun, for Bee is one of those lucky girls who are permitted to dabble freely in salt-water and get all the benefit that briny breezes can bestow.

"I couldn't come sooner," she says, in a tone of apology. "We always have to learn a hymn on Saturdays, and I've had such a bother with Dolly. She would want to know where 'the scoffer's seat'

was and if it had a cushion. And it does so worry me to try to explain."

"O you poor thing! you must be quite worn out," responds Claude, with genuine sympathy. "But make haste. You haven't got your hat on yet."

Bee makes a little dive and brings up a wide-brimmed sailor's hat with a blue ribbon round it. She puts it on, fastens it securely under the silken masses of her hair, and then declares herself to be quite ready.

In the next instant the girl and boy are walking side by side along the shore, near enough to the sea to hear the soft rush of the tide. The blue eyes are turned inquiringly on Claude's face, which is just a shade graver than it ought to be on this delightful, do-nothing day.

"Bee," he says, after a silence, "I don't quite approve of your being great friends with Crooke—Tim Crooke. What a name it is! He may be a good sort of fellow, but he's not in our set at all, you know."

"He is a good sort of fellow," she answers. "There's no doubt about that. Aunt Hetty likes him very much. And he's clever, Claude; he can do ever so many things."

"I dare say he can," says Mr. Molyneux, throwing back his head and quickening his pace. "But you needn't have got so very intimate. We could have done very well without him to-day."

"He's Mr. Carey's pupil," remarks Bee, quietly. "Aunt Hetty couldn't invite Mr. Carey and leave out Tim."

"Well, we could have been jolly enough without Mr. Carey. It's a mistake, I think, to see too much of this Tim Crooke; he isn't a gentleman and he oughtn't to expect us to notice him particularly."

"He doesn't expect anything; we like him; he's our friend." The soft pink deepens on Bee's cheeks and her ripe lips quiver a little. She loves Claude with all her heart and thinks him the king of boys; but for all that she won't let him be unjust if she can help it.

Claude tramps on over sand and pebbles and seaweed, with lips firmly compressed and eyes gazing steadily before him. Bee, as she glances at him, knows quite well what Claude feels when he looks as if his features had got frozen into marble. And she knows, too, that he will be painfully, frigidly, exasperatingly polite to her all the evening.

Matters cannot go on like this, she says to herself in desperation. Claude arrived only yesterday, and here they are, beginning his holiday with a dreadful disagreement. She has been counting the days that must pass before she sees him; writing him little letters full of sweet child-love and longing; wearing a pinafore over her newest frock that it may be kept fresh and pretty

for his critical eyes. And now he is here, walking by her side, and she has offended him.

Is it Heaven or the instincts of her own innocent little heart that teach this girl tact and wisdom? She doesn't proceed to inspire Claude with a maddening desire to punch Tim's head by recounting a long catalogue of Mr. Crooke's perfections, as a more experienced person would probably have done; but she draws a shade closer to her companion, and presently he finds a tiny brown hand upon his white flannel sleeve.

"You dear old Empey," she says, lovingly. "I've been wanting you for oh! such a long time!"

The frozen face thaws; the dark gray eyes shine softly. "Empey" is her pet name for him, an abbreviation of "Emperor," and he likes to hear her say it.

"And I've wanted you, old chap," he answers, putting his arm round the brown-holland waist.

"Empey, we always do get on well together, don't we?"

"Of course we do"—with a squeeze.

"Then, just to please me, won't you be a little kind to poor Tim? He's not a splendid fellow like you and he knows he never will be. I do so want you to forget that he's a nobody. We are all so much more comfortable when we don't remember things of that sort. You're not angry, Empey?"

"Angry; no, you silly old thing!"

And then she knows, without any more words, that he will grant her request.

The little boat that Claude has hired is waiting for them at the landing-place, and Bee steps into it with the lightest of hearts. Aunt Hetty and the rest will follow in a larger boat; but Mr. Molyneux has resolved to row Miss Beatrice Jocelyn himself.

He rows, as he does everything, easily and gracefully, and Bee watches him with happy blue eyes as they go gliding over the warm sea. How still it is to-day! Beyond the gray rocks and yellow sands they can see the golden harvest fields full of standing sheaves, and still farther away there are low hills faintly outlined through the hot mist. The little town, with its irregularly built terraces, looks dazzlingly white in the sunshine; but the church, standing on high ground, lifts a red spire into the hazy blue.

"I could live on the sea!" says Bee, ecstatically. "You don't know what it costs me to come out of a boat; I always want this lovely gliding feeling to go on forever. Don't you?"

"I like it awfully," he replies; "but then there are other things that I want to do by and by. I mean to try my hand at tiger-shooting when I go out to the governor."

"But, O Empey! it'll be a long time before you have to go out to India!"

Her red mouth drops a little at the corners and her dimples become invisible. He looks at her with a gleam of mischief in his lazy eyes.

"What do you call a long time?" he asks. "Just a year or two, that's nothing. Never mind, Bee, you'll get on very well without me."

"O Empey!"

The great blue eyes glisten, and Claude is penitent in an instant.

"You ridiculous old chap!" he says, gayly.

"Haven't you been told thousands of times that my dad is your guardian and as good as a father to you? And do you suppose that I'd go to India and leave you behind? You're coming too, you know, and you'll sit perched upon the back of an elephant to see me shoot tigers. What a time we'll have out there, Bee!"

"Do you really mean it?" she cries, with a rapturous face, blue eyes shining like sapphires, cheeks aglow with the richest rose.

"Of course I do. It was all arranged, years ago, by our two governors; I thought Aunt Hetty had told you. But I say, Bee, when the time does come, I hope you won't make a fuss about leaving England?"

"Not a bit of it," she says, sturdily. "I shall like to see the Ganges and the big water-lilies and the alligators. But what's to become of Dolly?"

"I don't know; I suppose she'll have to stay with Aunt Hetty. You belong to us, you see, old girl; so you and I shall never be parted."

"No, never be parted," she echoes, looking out across the calm waters with eyes full of innocent joy.

CHAPTER II.

AS soon as the boat grates on the shallows, two small, bare-legged urchins rush forward to help Miss Jocelyn to land. But Bee, active and fearless, needs no aid at all, and reaches the pebbled beach with a light spring.

"Is tea nearly ready, Bob?" she asks, addressing the elder lad, who grins with delight from ear to ear.

"Yes, miss."

"And has your mother got an immense lobster and a big crab and heaps of prawns?"

"Yes, miss; whoppers, all of 'em."

"That's right; the sea does give us such appetites, doesn't it, Empey? I hope the others will be here soon."

"If they don't make haste they'll find only the shell of the lobster," he answers, joining her on the shore. "I shall never be able to control myself if I take one look at him!"

"Then don't look at him, greedy!" she cries, clapping her hands and dancing round and round him, while the fisherman's children stare at her

wonderful golden locks. "I didn't forget your weakness for lobster; Aunt Hetty said I might arrange it all; and we shall have a splendid tea!"

He looks at her with his quiet smile, half amused, wholly loving.

"Don't he whirling like a Dervish and making yourself too hot to eat anything," he says, putting a stop to her evolutions. "Let's saunter along the beach and sit down a bit, my Queen Bee."

It is a bright, glistening beach, strewn with many-colored pebbles and stones, brown, yellow, purple, crimson, and snow-white; there are empty shells in abundance, out of which charming pincushions can be constructed by skillful fingers; and, best of all, there are little heaps of delicate sea-weed, capable of being pressed out into tiny, tree-like forms of coral-pink. Altogether, this strip of shore is a very treasury for children, and Bee can never come here without wanting to load her own pockets and everybody else's with heavy spoils.

Claude, who has already been presented with seven shell pincushions, a polished pebble, and three copy-books filled with gummed sea-weed, does not care to add to this valuable collection of marine treasures. He arrests the little hand that is making a grasp at a clam and says, persuasively:

"Stop till we come here again, Bee; don't pick up things this afternoon. It's so jolly to loaf about and do nothing, you know."

She obeys, after casting one regretful glance at that fascinating scalloped shell, and they stroll on in placid contentment. From this part of the coast they get a wide ocean outlook and can gaze far away to the faint sea-line dissolving into the sky.

How calm it is! Beautiful, infinite sea, suggesting thoughts of voyages into unknown climes; of delightful secrets yet unfathomed; of that enchanting "by and by" which is the children's Promised Land! The boy and girl are quiet for a time, dreaming their tranquil little dreams in the silence of utter satisfaction, while the waves wash the beach with the old lulling sound and the rock-shadows are slowly lengthening on the sand.

Meanwhile Mrs. Drake, the fisherman's wife, is busy with her preparations indoors. The cottage stands in a sheltered nook, a wooden dwelling coated with tar, with nets hanging outside its walls and a doorstep as white as snow. A few hardy geraniums in pots brighten the windows, but garden there is and can be none. The pebbly shore must serve the children as a playground. Rosy cheeks and sound lungs give proof that the little Drakes are thriving in their seaside home, and the youngest, a baby of two, lies placidly sucking its thumb on the sunny beach.

The boat containing Aunt Hetty and her party nears the landing, and just for one second Claude's brow darkens again. A sturdy lad is pulling

strong strokes with arms that seem almost as strong as Drake's, and the lad has a merry, brown face and black, curly hair, and wears a scarlet cap set jauntily on his head. It is Tim Croke, looking provokingly at his ease among his aristocratic friends and quite prepared to enjoy himself.

Aunt Hetty, gentlest and kindest of elderly ladies, is assisted to land by the clergyman, while Tim takes up Dolly in his strong arms and places her safely on the shore. And then they all make for the cottage, Bee lingering in the rear with Claude and winning him back to good humor with a pleading look from the sunny blue eyes.

Surely this tea in the fisherman's kitchen is a banquet fit for the gods! It is a happy, hungry group that gathers round the deal table, Bee doing the honors, pours out tea, and has a great deal of business on her hands; Aunt Hetty, at the other end of the board, keeps anxious watch over Dolly, who consumes prawns with frightful rapidity. Tim Croke beams on everybody and ministers to the wants of everybody, like the good-natured fellow that he is; and Claude, true to his unuttered promise, is kind to Tim in a pleasant, natural way.

At length the meal comes to an end—lobster, prawns, and crab are all demolished, and the last drop is drained out of the teapot. The party stroll out of doors and revel in the cool of the evening air.

How is it that they begin to talk about heroes and heroism? Nobody can remember afterward who started the subject, but certain it is that all, save Dolly, become interested in the conversation, and each has a word to say. Mr. Carey, the clergyman, is the leading talker, and he talks well, not priggishly nor prosily, but speaks the right words in the right way and wins the attention of his companions.

"Charles Kingsley has told us," he says, "'that true heroism must involve self-sacrifice.' It is the highest form of moral beauty. And it's a good thing when girls and boys fall to thinking about heroes and heroines; the thinking begets longing to do likewise. What was it that you were saying last night about your favorite hero, Tim?"

Tim lifts his head and a rush of color comes suddenly into his brown face.

"Jim Bludso is the fellow I like," he says, speaking quickly. "Wasn't it grand of him to hold the bow of the Prairie Belle against the bank while she was burning? The passengers all got off, you know, before the smoke-stacks fell. Only Bludso's life was lost. He let himself be burnt to save the rest."

"It was grand!" murmurs Bee, drawing a long breath.

"Yes," says Claude, bringing out his words slowly; "but I like Bret Harte's 'Flynn of Virginia' better still. You see, it was Jim Bludso's

own fault that the steamer caught fire. Nothing would stop him from running a race with the *Movestar*, and so the *Prairie Belle* came tearing along the Mississippi

'With a nigger squat on her safety-valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine!'

Jolly fun it must have been, but anybody could have foretold the end. As to Flynn: he was working on the Central Pacific Railway with his mate, a married man, when they found the whole concern giving way, and Flynn set his back against the wall in the dark drift and held the timbers that were ready to fall, and sang out to Jake to run for his wife's sake."

"Oh! that was beautiful!" Bee sighs, with her blue eyes full of tears. "Flynn was only Flynn, wasn't he? But Jake had got somebody who couldn't live without him."

"That was just what Flynn felt; he was only Flynn," Claude replies, pleased that his hero is appreciated. "There was something splendidly deliberate in his self-sacrifice. Don't you think so, sir?" he adds, turning to Mr. Carey.

"You are quite right," Mr. Carey answers, thoughtfully.

Dolly comes running up to the group with shrill cries, showing a little live crab in her small palm. A faint breeze is blowing off the sea, the west grows golden, and Aunt Hetty rises from her seat on the beach.

"We must be going home now," she says. "Claude, dear boy, will you look for my shawl?"

Claude obediently goes into the cottage to bring out the wraps, Mr. Carey hastens off to summon Drake, and Tim finds himself for a few seconds by Bee's side.

"Haven't it been a lovely afternoon?" she says. "I've been so happy; haven't you? O Tim! Claude has told me something."

"Is it a secret?" Tim asks.

"No; he didn't say so. He says it was arranged years ago that he is to take me out to India by and by. I'm so glad, Tim. I'd go anywhere with Claude."

The golden glow that shines on Tim's face seems to dazzle him and he turns his head away from the speaker.

"I'm glad that you are glad, Bee," he says, quietly. And that is all.

CHAPTER III.

SUNDAY morning dawns hot and still, but clearer than the day before. Aunt Hetty and her nieces are sitting in the bay-windowed room, which has the usual furniture of seaside lodgings. They have just gone through their morning readings and are ready to begin breakfast, when Claude comes down-stairs.

"How is the wrist, dear boy?" Aunt Hetty asks, tenderly.

In jumping out of the boat last night he had managed to get a sprain, but is disposed to treat the matter lightly.

"Oh! it will soon be well, thanks," he says, taking his place and giving a smile to Bee.

A little later they all set out for church and Bee and Claude attract many an admiring glance as they walk together along the terraces. She wears her new frock of some soft, creamy stuff and a quaint "granny" bonnet of ivory satin, lined with pale blue; her short skirts display silk stockings and dainty little shoes of patent leather. Aunt Hetty—her tall, thin figure draped with black lace—follows with Dolly, that little witch of eight years old, who is the pet and plague of the good lady's life. Other seaside visitors look after the party from Nelson Lodge and discuss them freely among themselves, but they do not speak from personal knowledge of Lady Henrietta Jocelyn and her charges. All they know is that Lady Henrietta is the maiden aunt of the two girls and that they were committed to her care by her brother, who died in India.

The church is large, recently built, and smells strongly of mortar and varnish. In winter Mr. Carey has to preach to a scanty congregation, but in summer, when the lodging-houses are full, there is always a goodly number of worshippers.

The Jocelyns, whose home is in town, are accustomed to attend St. George's, Hanover Square, and never feel perfectly comfortable in this seaside church, which is, as Bee says, "so dreadfully new and so unfurnished." She wishes that they could all worship out of doors among the rocks, with the blue sea murmuring near them, and yet she likes to hear Tim's voice as he stands among the other surprised boys and leads the singing.

Not that Tim is by any means an ideal chorister. His surplice makes his brown skin look browner and his curly head blacker than ever; and there is not a heavenly expression in his quick, dark eyes. He is not in the least like one of those saintly boys we read of sometimes, who sing and lift their glances upward and pass gently and speedily away from this wicked world. Judging from Tim's robust appearance, he has many a year of earthly life before him and many a hot battle to fight with the flesh and the devil.

But it is a marvelous voice that comes from the lad's massive throat—a voice that goes up like a lark's song, carrying heavy hearts to higher regions with its notes. In future days there are some who will remember that morning's anthem, which Tim sings with all his triumphant power and thrilling sweetness. A few fishermen, standing just within the doors, listen entranced, and one rugged old fellow puts up a hard hand to hide his eyes.

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord! the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves."

"The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

"Thy testimonies are very sure; holiness becometh Thine house, O Lord! forever."

The service comes to an end, and Aunt Hetty and her children walk homeward along the terraces, under a glaring sun. The sea is still calm, but a light breeze is stirring, creeping off the water and breathing across the hot sand and shingle. Bee gives a deep sigh of satisfaction as the zephyr kisses her rosy cheeks.

"It's going to be just a little cooler, Empey," she says, as they draw near Nelson Lodge.

"Yes; it must be jolly on the sea to-day," he remarks, following a little cutter with longing eyes.

When the mid-day meal is ended, Aunt Hetty repairs to the sofa to read Jeremy Taylor, and Dolly, having discovered an illustrated copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is silently gloating over a picture of Apollyon, dragon-winged, with smoke coming out of his nostrils. For fifteen or twenty minutes Claude and Bee whisper by the open window, and then a gentle sound from the sofa tells them that good Jeremy has lulled Aunt Hetty to repose.

Claude gives Bee an expressive glance which plainly says, "Come along." Dolly's back is turned toward them; moreover, she has just lighted upon a whole family of fiends and cannot take her eyes off the book. So the pair slip out of the room unheard and unseen, and gain the beach without let or hindrance.

They shun the pier and foot it briskly along the shore till they have left most of the promenaders behind. On and on they go till they get to the low rocks and the smooth, yellow sands strewn with mussel and cockle shells; and then they sit down to rest and listen to the music of the tide.

"You must take me to White Cove one day, Empey," says Bee, after a pause. "There are the most lovely shells to be found there and agates and things. Mr. Carey said that somebody once picked up a bit of amber there."

"I could row you there at once," returns Claude, "if it wasn't for this wrist of mine."

"Oh! but it's Sunday; Aunt Hetty wouldn't like us to go."

"She wouldn't mind it if I reasoned with her," responds Mr. Molyneux, with perfect confidence in his own powers of argument. "All those little prejudices of hers could soon be got rid of."

"Drake says it's rather dangerous near White Cove," observes Bee, after another silence; "because of all the sunken rocks, you know."

"No, I don't know; I've never been there. But you've set me longing to see the place, old chap."

"Oh! it's lovely," she cries, with enthusiasm. "Thousands and thousands of sea birds sit on the cliffs, and there are lots of little caves, all hung with silky-green sea-weeds, so quiet and cool."

Claude leans back against the low rock behind him and looks out across the sea with eyes half-closed. The horizon line is sharp and clear to-day; the blue of the sky meets, but does not mingle with, the deeper blue of ocean; a few white sails can be distinctly seen. Now and then a gull flashes silvery wings in the sunshine and its cry comes wailing across the water to the shore.

"Why, there's Tim!" says Bee, pointing to a broad-shouldered figure moving leisurely along the sand.

He hears the well-known voice and turns instantly.

"Well, he may make himself useful to-day," remarks Claude, with a sudden inspiration. "I daresay he'll be glad enough to row to the cove if we ask him."

Tim is more than glad—he is delighted to be included in the plans of Claude and Bee. To tell the truth, Sunday afternoon is generally rather a lonesome time to Tim Crooke. He has no vocation for Sunday-school teaching, and always feels intensely grateful to Mr. Carey for not bothering him to take a class. The little vicarage is, however, a dreary house when master and servants are out, and Tim is usually to be found wandering on the shore till the hour for tea.

"Bill Drake is down yonder," says Tim, waving his hand toward a block of stone some distance off. "And he's got a little boat, a battered old thing, but—"

"Any old thing will do," interrupts Claude, rising eagerly. "We are not going to show off in front of the pier, you know; we only want to get away to White Cove and enjoy ourselves. Do you know the place, Crooke?"

"Yes, very well. I've been there several times with Mr. Carey; it's a wonderful place for gulls. I suppose there are thousands of them."

"Well, come along," cries Claude; and Bee springs gladly to her feet. It delights her to see the magnificent Empey growing so friendly with that good old Tim, and as she trips on, leaving dainty footprints on the sands, her mind is busy with plans for coming days. "This is only the beginning of pleasures," she says to herself; the holidays will last a long time and they can enjoy many excursions about the coast. It is all going to be perfectly jolly, now that Claude has really consented to accept Tim; for Tim is so good-natured and useful that she hardly knows what they would do without him.

The little boat is a battered old thing indeed, but nobody is inclined to find fault with it. Bill Drake is quite ready to let the young gentleman

have his way; Bee steps in lightly enough and seats herself; the lads follow, and then Tim pushes off, leaving Bill standing grinning on the shore.

A happy girl is Bee Jocelyn as the boat glides on and the fresh air fans her face. She has put on her broad-brimmed hat again; and the light breeze lifts her bright, silky tresses and spreads them round her head like a golden veil. She dips one little hand in the water—the beautiful, sunny water that is as green as an emerald when you look deep into its depths; and then she trails her fingers in the sea and smiles at Claude.

"O Empey!" she says, "how nice it would be if one of Undine's sea-relations were to put a coral necklace, all red and glittering, into my hand!"

"Or some strings of pearls," suggests Tim.

"She will have a set of pearls one day," remarks Claude, in that quiet tone of his. "They were my mother's and they are waiting in India for Bee."

There is an unwonted softness in Tim's black eyes. He is a stout-hearted, matter-of-fact lad, people say, not given to dreaming; and yet he is seeing visions this afternoon. He sees Bee, not in her sailor's hat and girlish frock, but in white robes, with all her wealth of hair plaited up and the pearls glistening on her neck. He sees the merry face grown graver, yet lovelier than ever; and then he tries to picture her home in that far-off land that he will never behold—a land of dark faces and temples and palms and flowers.

And Claude will be with her always. What a beautiful, poetical life these two will lead together! All the poetry is for them and all the prose for Tim. His thoughts don't shape themselves into these very words, perhaps, but he does certainly feel that it is a dull path which lies before Tim Crooke.

While he dreams he pulls as steadily as usual and they are drawing nearer and nearer to the little cove. Soon they gain a full view of those cliffs where the sea birds sit, tier upon tier, like spectators in a circus, and the calm air is filled with strange cries. Bee claps her hands in delight, the sight is so novel, and the birds that have taken wing sweep so gracefully around their rocky haunts that there is a charm past explaining in the whole scene.

Meanwhile the tide is rising fast and floats the boat onward to White Cove. They are making for a landing-place just at the foot of the sea birds' cliff and Tim pulls cautiously, telling Claude to keep a sharp look-out for the rocks that lie treacherously hiding under the flood.

"There's The Chair!" cries Bee suddenly. "Look, look, Empey! we are quite close to it. It was Mr. Carey who gave it that name, because, you see, it's exactly like a chair, and it has a seat

and a little ledge where your feet may rest. Mr. Carey got up there once. It's quite easy to climb."

"At high water the tide comes almost up to the footstool of The Chair," says Tim. "I've noticed it standing up out of the sea with a bird or two perched on its seat. It looks very funny then, when all the rocks near it are quite covered."

"It really is curious," Claude is beginning to say, when there is a bump and a terrible grating noise. The boat has struck against one of those traitorous rocks and her rotten planks have given way. Long before they can reach the landing-place she will be full of water; there is already a stream flowing in through the rent in her side, and Tim, quiet and cool, takes in every detail of the case before Claude has begun fully to realize their condition. Without a moment's hesitation he pulls straight toward the little strip of sand that is to be seen at the base of The Chair.

"Quick, Claude!" he says in decided tones; "the wind is rising and the tide is coming in fast. You must get Bee up into The Chair and you'll have to follow her, although there's hardly room for two."

"Do you mean that we shall have to stay up there till the tide goes out?" asks Claude. "Why it's absurd! Is there no other way to—"

"There is no other way to save your lives, so far as I can see. Now, don't lose time. The Chair isn't so easy to climb, after all. There are little dents in the rocks where your toes may go, but no projections anywhere. It's just a smooth block of stone."

Poor Bee, who knows that Tim must have good reason for being serious, tries to obey him without delay. But how could she ever have fancied that this dreadful rock was easy to climb? It is nearly as slippery as glass and affords so little hold for hands or feet that she is almost in despair. The boys encourage her with their voices. Claude is scrambling up after her, not without difficulty, however, for his sprained wrist gives him many a sharp twinge; and then, at last, after terrible efforts, the "footstool" ledge is gained and Bee drags herself up to the seat of the chair.

But what a seat it is! Merely a niche, which looks as if it had been scooped out of the solid stone and furnished with a narrow shelf. How will it be possible for her to make herself very small and leave space for Claude?

Even in these fearful moments she finds herself thinking of the eleven Swan Princes in the fairy tale and that little rock in mid-ocean on which they stood crowded together when the sun went down. Claude is here, squeezed into the narrow niche by her side, and he is calling out to Tim down below.

"Come up, Tim," he cries, and there is a ring of agony in his voice now.

But Tim's answer reaches them, clear and loud, above the roar of the advancing tide.

"I shall not come; there isn't room for three. You know that well enough."

"But, Tim, what will you do? I'll come down and give you my place."

"Stay where you are," Tim shouts, sternly. "You've got Bee to take care of. And there's a heavy sea rolling in. She'll have to sit fast."

As Tim speaks the flood is surging up to his knees, and the wind, too, is rising higher. All around him the waves are foaming over the sunken rocks and the sea-thunder grows louder and more terrible every moment.

"I'll come down," cries Claude, making a desperate movement to descend. "You shan't stop there and drown alone! Do you think I'll be such a hound as to let you?"

But Bee, with all her strength, holds him back. "Empey, dear Empey," she moans, "stay for my sake!"

"I'll take my chance," Tim sings out, cheerily. "I can swim; I mean to try for the landing-place."

"You're mad; the tide will dash you on the rocks!" groans Claude, in despair. And then, so slight is his foothold that he nearly loses his balance in looking downward; and Bee, clinging to him, screams with terror.

"I can't bear it!" he says, wildly.

How fast the waters rise! Great waves are breaking against the sides of The Chair and leaping up nearer and nearer to the ledge whereon the pair support their feet. Once more Claude calls to Tim, passionately, almost fiercely.

"I'll never forgive myself if you are lost! Tim, Tim, where are you?"

And the clear voice comes up, somewhat faintly, from below: "It's all right. God bless you and Bee."

A mighty billow flings its cloud of foam over the faces of Claude and the shrinking girl by his side and blinds them with salt spray. But high as the tide is, The Chair is still above its reach, and, although the wave may sprinkle them, it cannot swallow them up. Only they are deafened as well as blinded, and Bee feels that she is losing her senses. Surely her brain is wandering, else she could never hear the notes of the anthem again and Tim's voice singing the words of the old psalm in such exulting tones:

"The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

When night is closing over the little watering-place there are rejoicings and lamentations in Nelson Lodge. Aunt Hetty's heart is full of gratitude; Claude and Bee, brought safely home by old Drake, have fallen asleep at last in their

rooms, while she steals from chamber to chamber to look first at one tired young face and then at the other. But the tears hang on Claude's lashes as he sleeps; and more than once Bee moves restlessly on her pillow and murmurs Tim's name.

The wind, that has been blowing hard all through the night, subsides soon after sunrise. Clouds clear away from the east and the golden morning shines upon the creamy cliffs of White Cove. Just at the foot of one of the low rocks lies Tim, his brown face turned up to the sky and his curly hair matted with sea-weed. His life-work is done.

Only Tim—yes, Master Claude; but what would the world be without such souls as Tim's. Fine manners, fine speech, and fine clothes—of these he had none, but he had what glorifies the earth's greatest sons—he had what the angels rank highly and what God loves—a brave, true, unselfish heart.—*Sarah Doudney.*

SONNETS TO THE SEASONS.

No. 9.

THE DANDELION.

O STURDY rustic! to what sisterhood
Of primly nodding maidens, chaste and good,

Dost thou belong? Yet, answer not; I could
Unerring place thee: thou so plainly speak'st
Of over-brimming dairy-pails, that leak
Their foam upon the grassy path and streak
The budding clover all with white. Thou art
Young Amarylhis, panting with faint heart
For cooling streams—since thou must ever stand
In sunny fields to watch the patient band
Of cattle feeding, and at eve to list
The drowsy tinkle of those bells that whist—
Then louder sound—then whist again—and so
Keep up, in distant field, their music low.

No. 10.

TO THE FIRST-BLOWN KING-CUP.

THOU dainty chalice—beaker over-brimmed
With drink—refreshing for such weary
limb'd

And over-heated fairies, fays, and sprites
As dance 'neath leafy trees these starry nights.
Oft dost thou rest some fairy lips upon,
Dewing those sweets which bless King Oberon
With richer gifts, so wet by thy sweet draught;
And choicer nectar ne'er before was quaffed
Than thou containest. E'en the King himself
Drops his bright wand and all his simple pelf,
That he may balance at his parched lips
Thy cooling surface, and with dainty sips
Drain thy rich store. Aye, even Ariel stops
To taste the flavor of thy crystal drops.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

THE PARIN'-BEE.

MATILDY JANE, jest fetch me another pan to put these apples in, an' take this one out to Marthy Ann an' tell her I think the cider's 'most biled enough maybe, an' she kin begin to put in apples and punkin now: two parts apples an' one part punkin; an' mind, now, the punkin is part cooked an' she mustn't on no 'count leave off stirrin', else the sass 'll stick to the kittle an' burn. These apples is a kind that cooks easy, an' between the apples an' the cider the sass 'll be putty tart ef it is part punkin. What did ye say, Mrs. Jones? Never tasted sass o' this kind? Well, now, when apples is scarce it's a wonderful help, an' some o' our folks likes it better nor the old-fashioned apple-butter made all o' apples. Come, Matildy Jane, don't keep me a waitin' so long fur a pan. I can't pile no more onto this. There; sot it down, an' take this an' tell Marthy Ann not to git disheartened about the stirrin'; Hezekier 'll be along after 'while, an' when he offers to lend a han' she'd rather be out there in the old shed-kitchen nor in here with all o' us.

This parin'-bee makes me think o' one that me an' Urier went to when we wuz young folks, an' it came nigh upon upsettin' all the plans he'd bin a layin' in his mind fur some time, though he hadn't spoke 'em out. That wuz when we lived in yonder to Rush, where we wuz both brought up, an' he wuz Urier Bodkin an' I wuz Betsy Pringle. I ha'n't bin to a parin'-bee nor a quiltin' since, but I've thought o' it, though it's nigh on to twenty-one year now sence it happened. What did ye say, Miss Short? Tell ye all about it? Well, we kin larf now, seein' it's all over, but it sot mighty hard with Urier, an' I have to own it didn't make me feel the most comfortablest fur a spell, though I tried powerful hard to look unconcerned. I don't like to do all the talkin', but with ye all a hollerin' at me fur to tell it, I s'pose I'll have to, an' I reckon it is most like some of the stories ye read in books.

Well, the whole trouble riz out o' names an' family likeness. When there's plenty o' names in the world, what makes folks stick to the ones their fathers an' mothers had from generation to generation, jest as ef they wuz better nor any others? I got a powerful disgust at the practice. When our Marthy Ann wuz born, Urier he wanted her to be named Betsy, fur me; but sez I, "Urier Bodkin, I thought ye knowed to yer sorer that there had already bin one Betsy too many in our family," sez I. He looked kind o' squelched like, an' didn't say no more. Then come our fust boy, an' I *did* think I'd like to have him named fur his father, but to distinguish 'em I sot another name afore it, an' so we call him Thomas Urier. I believe in givin' full names, I do. What's the use

o' givin' a child a name and then not callin' of it by the name?

Well, when Matildy Jane come, he up an' spoke agin about havin' the child named fur me, but I jest looked at him kind o' severe like an' putty straight fur a minit, an' he dropped his head an' slunk out kind o' whipped like.

Never mind hurryin' of me up, Jerushy Snodgrass. I hed to give these perliminaries, lessen ye wouldn't ha' understood it.

Well, as I wuz sayin', the whole trouble riz out o' names an' family likeness. I wuz Betsy Pringle an' I hed a double fust-cousin named Betsy Pringle. Our mothers wuz sisters an' our fathers wuz brothers, or air yit, fur that matter—fur they're all a livin'.

When they wuz married they had a double weddin', an' so my mother an' my aunt both left home the same time. Our father's parents gave 'em each a quarter section o' land down on Flat Rock—that's the name o' the crick that runs along the farms—so the farms wuz jindn'. Well, by an' by me an' my cousin Betsy, we come along, there being only about two weeks' difference in our ages, an' our parents, to show their affilial affection (I believe that's what ye call it), up an' named us both fur their mothers—our several gran'mothers, for they wuz both named Betsy—so we wuz both Betsy Pringles. It wuz certainly the most foolishhest thing they could ha' done, 'specially as we wuz so near of a age. Why couldn't they a' saved the name fur one o' them that come after?—fur both had big families. It wouldn't ha' bin so bad ef one o' the Betsies had bin a right smart younger 'n tother. But no; each one must name her fust-borned for the gran'-mother on each side, so me an' Cousin Betsy, we hed to endure it. It never interfered with our affection, though, an' I s'pose I wouldn't ha' got sot so agin it ef it hadn't been for what I'm a tellin' ye.

What did ye say, Almiry Adams? Not a tellin' it? Yes, I am a tellin' of it. When folks writes a book they allers writes a preffis to explain. So when ye tell a story ye allers hev to set forth the perliminaries.

Well, as I wuz about to say, me an' Cousin Betsy grewed up very fond of each other, an' at school an' afterward we wuz mostly together. Bein' so nigh of kin an' so nigh of a age, we wuz more like sisters nor cousins, an' as we grewed older we grewed more alike. She wuz a little taller nor me, an' my hair wuz a little lighter nor hern. Oh! I should ha' said our mothers wuz twins. It's hard to mind it all at onct.

Well, me an' Cousin Betsy wuz considered a heap alike, an' it sometimes made some very amusin' mistakes among the young folks after we got to goin' into company. The one I'm a tellin', though, wuzn't so very amusin'. It wuz at a

parin'-bee, an' that's how I come to think of it to-day, as we all sot here a parin' apples for the sass. As I wuz sayin', we wuz to a parin'-bee to Jeremier Plankinton's. All the young folks from the neighborhood wuz there except Leander Simpkins, an' he wuz down with the influenzy and couldn't go. Leander and Cousin Betsy hed bin a keepin' company fur quite a spell, an' she wuzn't near so piert that evenin' as common, an' sot very quiet most of the time a parin' apples, an' when we played the bridge an' ponds an' sich, later in the evenin', she didn't jine in much. Of course, we all knowed it wuz on account o' Leander Simpkins.

Well, exceptin' fur this, the evenin' passed off very pleasant like, fur after the apples wuz pared we had a heap o' games an' sich, an' nothin' pertickler happened till goin'-home time, when Urier, secin' Cousin Betsy step out o' the door, mistook her fur me an' sidled up to her an' gin his arm to see her home, fur we walked, 'count o' we only had a little more nor a half a mile to go. Sich as lived furdur rid, some o' the fellers on hoss-back with their girls ahint 'em.

Well, I seed Urier sidle up to Cousin Betsy an' it made me feel kind o' riled, fur he'd bin a payin' attention to me fur a spell, an' so I stepped back a little from where I wuz standin' near the door, else he might ha' seen me, fur he looked round jest as they started off. Ef he'd ha' seen me it would ha' saved the mistake an' a heap o' trouble, I reckon, but I wuz high-strung an' wanted to show my independence, so when Jeems Kitchen asked to see me home I spoke up perk like an' told him yes. Cousin Betsy wuz one o' the most simplest, unsuspectin' girls you ever seed, an' so she thought Urier had offered to go home with her out o' sympathy, 'count o' Leander Simpkins, so she started off with him, thinkin' how kind he wuz.

But it seemed Urier had made up his mind he hed suthin' putty pertickler to say to me an' then wuz the time fur to say it, so him an' Betsy hadn't walked far till he begun. I shouldn't wonder ef he'd said it over to hisself a heap o' times fur practice and to be prepared to say it nice. Pity his practice wuz wasted by his sayin' of it to the wrong one at last. It might ha' bin that he wuz sort o' flustered-like with the thought o' sayin' it, an' that helped him to mistake Betsy fur me. Fellers is apt to see poorly under sich circumstances, eny way.

Matildy Jane, fetch me another pan an' take this to Marthy Ann, an' tell her to keep a stirrin' the sass. I do hope we'll have good luck with this sass an' not get it burnt. It comes powerful handy toward spring, when the taters an' ingins has tuck to sproutin' an' growin' an' the other garden truck's about gone, to have a sass o' this kind 'fur a top spread. Most o' folks don't have

good appetites, nuther, at that time o' year, an' it sharpens 'em up like. Urier sets a heap o' store by a tart sass fur a top spread with his bread an' butter, an' the children's all amazin' fond of it. I said to Marthy Ann, sez I:

"Marthy Ann, we'll make more nor common this year, for maybe you an' Hezekier 'll want some sass afore spring."

Never mind, Jerushy, I haven't forgot the story. I'm jest a cummin' to the pertickler pint. As I wuz sayin', they hadn't gone fur till Urier begin to express himself, an' sez he:

"Betsy, I've bin a wantin' to say suthin' to ye fur a while back, but it 'peared like you an' yer cousin wuz allers together, lately; at least she's bin close about every time I've seen ye fur a spell, an' I couldn't say it afore her. This isn't a rash thing with me, fur I've thought about ye by day an' by night fur months, now, an' I've made up my mind I can't be happy without ye an' I want to ask ye to be my wife. When I'm awake I think Betsy and when I'm asleep I dream Betsy. When I'm out on the farm at work and the breeze fans my cheek I think o' the soft breath o' Betsy, an' afore the leaves fell their rustle seemed like the flutter o' yer skirts passin' by. I love ye with an honest, true heart, Betsy; will ye be my wife?"

Poor Cousin Betsy! She wuz took back, an' what with her uneasiness about Leander Simpkins an' her surprise at Urier, she wuz most throwed into hysterics. Now, if there wuz any resemblance between me an' her more strikin' than another, it wuz our voices, except hern wuz more gentler nor mine, so when she answered, with a kind of a sob an' a choke, he never knowed still but what it wuz me.

"Why, Urier Bodkin!" says she. "How can ye say sich things to me? How can ye be so dishonorable? I hed no idea ye'd ever hed sich a thought." An' at that she just let go his arm an' run fur life toward home an' left Urier standin' there kind o' dazed like. Ef he'd gone on, even ef he'd followed her an' seen which house she went to, he'd ha' found out it wuzn't me; but he jist turned an' went home. Well, I reckon he did feel bad.

The next Sunday mornin' I seed him to meetin', lookin' as if he'd had a spell o' sickness. It kind o' teched my feelin's a little, but when he slipped right off after meetin' without even turnin' his eye toward me, I spunked up again, an' sez I to myself, "Urier Bodkin, I guess I kin live without you."

But when he didn't come that afternoon to take me to the evenin' meetin' I begin to feel maybe it might be a kind o' a lonesome life; an' when I went out to milk old Brindle an' Floasy, I'm afeared a few tears dropped into the pail o' milk. After supper I sez to mother, sez I:

"Mother, I guess I'll not go to meetin' to-night. I have rather of a headache."

She looked at me pretty straight, an' sez she (mother wuz allers kind o' gentle like; they said Cousin Betsy was a heap like her that way—I wuz more perk, like my aunt), says she:

"Betsy, I'm sorry yer head aches, but I'm afeared ye've done suthin' that's give ye a heart-ache," says she.

Well, Urier didn't come, an' I seed nuthin' of him fur quite a spell. Cousin Betsy looked at me so queer an' sorry like every time we wuz together that I didn't know what to make of it, but she didn't mention his name, no more did I. Somehow we didn't feel jest comfortable together, an' so there seemed to come a heap o' things to keep each o' us to home.

Our mothers looked concerned an' passed a sly whisper now an' agin to each other, an' Leander took pains in a kind o' compassionate way to show me little kindnesses, an' him an' Cousin Betsy seemed the only ones that understood each other. Nobody mentioned Urier's name till one day at dinner my father said, jest as I wuz a sarvin' him to a apple dumplin' (father wuz allers powerful fond o' apple dumplin's, an' I hed took pains that day an' made 'em out o' nice pippins):

"I hear Urier Bodkin is a talkin' of goin' West afore long," sez he.

At that my han' give a jerk like, an' instead o' puttin' the dumplin' in the big sasser I wuz a holdin', I dropped it chuck into a bowl o' gravy an' splashed it onto the clean tablecloth.

"Why, Betsy?" sez mother, "do be more careful. See how ye've sloshed the cloth."

Mother wuz allers very pertickler about her table-kivers an' allers said she liked father to see the table sot clean lookin'. She thought her vittils tasted better, she said, an' she allers liked her tea better out'n a chany cup, mother did. She wuz mighty pertickler about everything, mother wuz.

Well, I wuz powerful glad they all looked at the table-kiver instid o' me, an' I sometimes think to this day that mother said what she did a purpose to keep 'em all from lookin' at me, fur my sister, Mirandy Ann, hed said:

"Look at Betsy!"

However, I give father his dumplin' an' went to fetch a cloth to wipe up the gravy, an' by that time I hed got more composed like.

"Yes," sez father, "they say Urier is goin' to try the West. He's a very promisin', steady young man, an' I hope he'll do well wherever he is. I hear Buckramses is goin to hev a quiltin' nixt week a purpose to hev the young folks in in the evenin' as a sort o' good-bye to Urier," sez he.

My! how I did drend the invitation to that quiltin'; but I knowed I'd hev to go, or folks

would begin to wonder: "What ails Betsy Pringle?" So I perked up an' put on the best face I could. The wuss I felt, the more I singed gay songs an' talked an' larfed. But I would slip out airlier nor common to do the milkin' an' crawl up into the hay-mow fur a little spell alone, an' I mostly did shed some tears there. Brindle an' Flossy was my greatest comfort, an' their great, soft eyes 'peared to hev a heap o' tenderness in their look toward me—a kind o' meltin' look, as ef they pitied me.

The more I thought of Urier the more I wuz puzzled to know his meanin'. Why he should ha' paid me sich attention an' then stop off all of a suddint, without any explanation, wuz a mystery to me, an' I wondered an' wondered what I could ha' done to give him offense. Then Cousin Betsy acted so queer, an' it hed all bin sence that night Urier tuck her home from the parin'-bee at Jeremier Plankinton's. Still, I couldn't no way blame Cousin Betsy, fur she'd allers bin the soul o' truth an' kindness, an' nothin' couldn't be wrong with her, else it would ha' made a difference 'twixt her an' Leander Simpkins. But it did seem queer she never mentioned Urier an' allers looked at me so kind ev sorrowful like.

Well, there's a sayin' that "time an' tide don't wait for nobody," so the quiltin' day cum round. The girls an' wimmin folks all went airly after dinner an' them 'at wuz married wuz expected to hev their men cum to supper. The young fellers wuz to cum in the evenin'. I needn't tell you 'ns what a quiltin'-bee is, fur you've all bin to 'em, an' ye know how the tongues flies, an' maybe a little at the expense of them as isn't there.

Matildy Jane, fetch in another baskit o' apples. Ahem!

Well, I sot an' quilted as ef it was fur dear life, fur I wuz dreadin' the evenin' when I thought I'd hev to see Urier Bodkin. By an' by Miss Buckram sez, sez she:

"Ef we wuz all to quilt like Betsy Pringle," sez she, "we'd soon get done," sez she.

Well, evenin' come, an' the young fellows gathered in an' after a while the quiltin' wuz left off an' the older folks got into the best room an' the young folks wuz left to theirselves in the settin'-room. The quiltin' hed been did up-stairs. After a right smart o' talk, that wuz too foolish to remember, we begun our plays. I never'll forgit how I felt when we played "change pardners," an' me an' Urier got together orct. I tried to look very unconcerned, as if nothin' had made a impreshin on my mind; but poor Urier! he wuz wonderful embarrassed like. I wuz glad when the play wuz over. By an' by we cracked nuts, an' then we got to tellin' our fortunes by puttin' nuts in the open fire. We'd put two in, each one bein' named, an' when they got to burnin'—ef they flew apart, it wuz a sign of separation;

ef they flew closter together, it wuz a sign of union.

Well, after a while I laid down two myself, namin' 'em quiet in my own heart to myself. Of course, one wuz me an' one wuz Urier. By an' by they begun to burn; then one of 'em shook a little (I shook, too, I reckon), an' all at onct they both giv' a pop an' bounced right together. Quick as ef I'd bin shot I looked up at Urier, an' he wuz a lookin' right at me. While I'd bin a watchin' the nuts he'd bin a watchin' me. Our eyes met, an' right away quick I dropped mine agin, feelin' about the left side of the chist as ef I'd bin shot, sure enuff.

After a while Miss Buckram she cum in, an' sez she:

"Young people, don't ye want some apples? Betsy, you know where they air. You an' Urier go to the cellar an' fetch some up in this baskit," an' at that she handed the baskit to Urier an' a candle to me. Of course, we hed to go fur manner's sake, but lawz! I thought I'd sink. Urier—he turned red to the roots of his hair. Howasever, we started to the cellar, me a leadin' the way to the apple-bin. Urier begun a getherin' up the apples an' a puttin' of 'em in the baskit, me a holdin' the candle, an' all at onct he stopped an' looked at me.

I've heered say that love is a good deal like the rumatiz. When you onct git it into your systim it's hard to git it out. Me an' Urier had certainly got it into our systims, a right smart tech of it, an' maybe, like the rumatiz, the chill air of the cellar helped to bring it out. Leastways, we hadn't got it out of our systims yit.

Well, as I wuz sayin', Urier stopped a puttin' of the apples into the baskit an' he looked up at me, an' sez he:

"Betsy, how could ye say that night ye didn't know I'd ever hed such a thought, when ye couldn't help knowin' I'd bin a thinkin' about nobody but yerself fur months?"

"What night?" sez I.

"Why, the night ye told me that," sez he.

"Told ye what?" sez I. I wuz dazed, to be sure.

"The night ye told me ye didn't know I'd ever thought about marryin' of ye," sez he.

"I never told ye that," sez I.

"Never told me that!" sez he; an' he stared me in the face amazed like. "Why, yes ye did, the night I told ye I loved ye with a honest love," sez he.

"Ye never told me that," sez I.

"Betsy Pringle!" sez he; "how can ye say that? Ye know I told ye that the night I started home with ye from Jeremier Plankinton's, after the parin'-bee," sez he.

"Ye didn't start home with me," sez I, an' I begun to see how it wuz, but wouldn't let on.

"Betsy Pringle, I allers thought ye truthful afore," sez he. "How can ye say that when ye know I started home with ye? I'd bin a livin' all day in hope of the evenin', when I could tell ye what had bin in my heart fur months, an' when I begin to tell ye, ye made answer an' told me I wuz dishonorable to say sich things an' that ye hed no idea I'd ever hed sich a thought, an' at that ye jest let go o' my arm an' left me a standin' there dazed, while ye run home as fast as ye could. An' ye know I told ye I'd bin a waitin' a chance to tell ye, but you an' yer cousin hed bin together so much I couldn't git none. An' now ye tell me I never told ye I loved ye!" sez he.

"No more ye did," sez I. "An' ye didn't start home with me from Jeremier Plankinton's parin'-bee nuther," sez I. "Ye started home with Cousin Betsy, an' Jeems Kitchen went home with me," sez I.

You ort to ha' seen Urier's look. He couldn't hold the baskit, he wuz so shuck up like, an' he put it down an' sot down on the edge of the apple-bin an' looked down on the floor a spell. By an' by he looked up an' sez he:

"I see how it wuz. I mistook yer Cousin Betsy fur yerself, an' when we got out into the dark I couldn't tell the difference an' so asked her to marry me. No wonder," sez he, "she called it dishonorable an' said she hed no idea I'd ever hed sich a thought. No wonder she run away!"

Then he looked down a spell, an' by an' by he looked up agin, an' sez he:

"Betsy, suppose it hed bin you, as I thought it wuz?"

Jest then Miss Buckram hollered out at the top of the cellar-way, an' sez she:

"Haven't you young folks most got them apples?" An' at that we both begin to fill up the baskit as ef for dear life, an' putty soon we started up with it. On the stair Urier sidled up clost, an' sez he:

"Betsy, who did ye name the nuts in the fire?" An' sez I:

"Who should I name one but you, Urier?" an' then I bust out a larfin, an' sez I:

"Why, that wuz a rhyme!" an' at that we both larfed an' went up into the room, both of us a larfin' at me a makin' a rhyme.

Cousin Betsy an' Leander looked kind o' sorry like an' displeased; but when I got a chance I sez, kind o' sly like, to Betsy:

"It's a pity sometimes when folks looks so much alike an' has the same name, too," sez I. "The wrong one is apt to git the question popped," sez I. At that she looked at me a minit, an' then we both bust out a larfin'.

Well, Urier didn't make no mistake that night about which one he went home with, an' we soon hed it all talked over an' explained. He didn't go West, an' it's a stunner to this day ef any one,

not knowin' whose darter I am, asks him which Betsy Pringle he married. He! he! he! But as I said at fust, the trouble all riz out o' names an' family likeness. Ef she hedn't bin called Betsy, too, when he begun to talk to her she would ha' knowed he'd made a mistake by the name he called her. But to hev the same name, jest because it wuz a family name, an' then to look alike, too—it wuz a'most too much.

But it teched me a lesson. I sot my face like a flint agin hevin' any one o' my own darters named Betsy. Cousin Betsy an' Leander, though, named their oldest darter Betsy, they said, fur her two great-gran'mothers an' her mother.

"An' especially," sez Cousin Betsy, "fur her double fust cousin, once removed, Betsy Bodkin, an' because Cousin Urier is so fond o' the name," sez she.

Matildy Jane, ye might fetch me another pan. Miss Jones, ef I hev good luck with this sass, I'll send ye some, seein' ye never tasted it made this way.

Well, here's Thomas Urier! Ye've jest cum in time, son, to lend a han'. You'd better go out an' see ef Marthy Ann don't need a little help. I declare that boy grows every year more an' more like his father.

Well, as I wuz a sayin', it's nigh on to twenty-one year now sence that parin'-bee at Jeremier Plankinton's. Me an' Urier wuz married afore spring an' I ha'n't never hed no cause to complain that I wuz

BETSY BODKIN.

OLDEN MEMORIES.

WITHOUT—the sleet, the drifting storm, the darkness chill and drear:
Within—the laugh, the jest, the song, the glowing hearthstone's cheer.

Hark! how the blast shrieks through the trees!—
Pray no unlucky wight
May be abroad—heap high the fire—on such a fearful night.

The oak and hickory logs aflame defy old Winter's sway;
Draw nearer, friends—give us a tale, to while the time away.

Then Grandmamma, like fay of eld, with one touch of her wand,
Swings Memory's gate on golden hinge, and bids us peer beyond.

Beneath the firelight's fitful gleam our wondering eyes behold

The tresses, bleached by fourscore years, glint with their youthful gold.

Her eye resumes its wonted blue, her cheek its May-time glow,
And, hand in hand with her, we tread the paths of long ago.

We see again the farm-house old, the well-sweep, and the lane;
We hear the wagons groaning home, weighed down with golden grain.

The whirring of the spinning-wheel, the loom's unceasing clack,
As white-armed maids untiring throw the flying shuttle back.

The thud, thud of the measured flail, on breezes borne along,
And, echoing from the harvest-field, the busy reapers' song.

At sunset through elm-shadowed bars the lowing kine wend home,
And, bearing snowy, brimming pails, the tripping milkmaids come.

Anon the village church-bell calls; and on a Sabbath day
Within its peaceful, moss-grown walk we, too, kneel down to pray.

The viols play; the tune is pitched; farewell to care and doubt,
As grand old "Coronation" peals its invitation out.

On plodding steeds jog rustic swains in brave blue coats arrayed,
While on the pillion's cushioned seat behold each chosen maid.

Upon her bridal morn we help to deck the village belle—
Wreath the roses 'mong her shining curls that match her cheeks full well.

Behold the solemn funeral-train, the church-yard, and the bier!
On graves of sixty years ago we drop a silent tear.

The embers fall—the years roll back—but dimly burns the light:
Cover the coals, set back the chairs—to each and all Good-night.

RUTH REVERE.

NO WOMAN can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself thus.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN a large chamber, the costly furniture of which was in the fashion of an earlier day, sat a pale but beautiful young woman, gazing fondly upon the face of a sleeping child. She had no eye, no ear, no thought for anything but the babe; for, as she sat thus, an elderly woman entered and moved across the room without attracting observation until she stood close beside her.

"Edith?"

The young woman started and her face slightly flushed.

"I did not hear you come in, mother," she said.

"You can neither hear nor see anything, now, but that child."

The mother spoke with some harshness of manner.

Edith raised her eyes—they were not tearful, but calm and resolute—and, fixing them on the face of her mother, said, speaking slowly, yet firmly:

"Have I not said, mother, that this baby is dearer to me than life? Believe me, they were no idle words, uttered under excitement. For her sweet sake I am prepared to give up everything—to endure everything. Let us, then, contend no longer."

"Think of the consequences, Edith! Cannot you think of these? Remember, that Colonel D'Arcy will be here next week."

"Well?"

"And then he comes to claim your hand."

"Claim my hand?"

"It is promised," said Mrs. Beaufort.

"By whom?"

"By yourself. He has your written acceptance of his marriage offer."

"My written acceptance?"

"Yes. But why need you be reminded of this?"

Edith raised one hand, and, clasping it tightly against her forehead, sat for some moments with a bewildered look.

"My written acceptance of Colonel D'Arcy's hand! Why do you say that, mother?"

"Because it is the truth. You wrote the letter of acceptance yourself."

"I did! When?"

Edith looked more surprised than ever.

"Scarcely two months have passed," was the firm answer.

"Ah!" A gleam of light shot across the young woman's face. "That, too," she added, with a sigh, "is becoming clear. By what dark spirit was I possessed? Mother! I have been on the very brink of insanity. The extorted pledges then made I now repudiate, as I have already

repudiated the cruel act of abandoning my precious child. Had I been in my right mind I dare not now pray for forgiveness. The act of accepting Colonel D'Arcy is yours, mother, not mine. Your thought—your purpose—guided my hand when I wrote the letter, as it guided and controlled my actions on that day, of all days the darkest in the calendar of my unhappy life. But I have returned into my own proper self. I am clothed and in my right mind again; and, Heaven helping me, from this day forth I yield to no influence but that of my own sense of right and duty! I can work and suffer, mother. I can bend to any hard necessity that may come; but false to my woman's heart I will not be! The widow's tears are not yet dry on my cheeks, and shall I turn my heart from all its pure love? You need not scowl at me, mother—I did love him with a full heart, tenderly. He was my husband, my excellent, true, noble-minded husband, poor and in humble station though he was; and the duty of public acknowledgment that I owe to his memory, to myself, and to his child I am resolved to make, and that right speedily. My first great error was the concealment of our marriage; the second was suffering my husband to go away alone. Oh! that I could have been with him in his last extremity! My hand should have been the one that smoothed his pillow—my voice the last that sounded in his ears. Ah, mother!—hard, proud, exacting mother!—with what memories have you cursed your child!"

Gradually had voice and manner deepened until both displayed an almost fierce energy, before which Mrs. Beaufort—for she it was—felt herself cowering. Hitherto her imperious will had ruled her daughter; but now her power over her was at an end and she felt that it was so. The darling scheme, to compass which she had trampled the most sacred obligations under foot—making her suffering child a participator, even at the risk of dethroning her reason—had come to naught, and in its hopeless failure other ruin was involved. Gone forever—she saw, in this second strong encounter with Edith, that it was so—gone forever was all power to bend that young spirit to her will. But what next? Could she turn from her child in proud anger and go forward on her life-path alone? She asked herself the question, and the very thought caused a quick gasping for breath as if she were about to suffocate. A little while she remained standing near Edith; then, without replying, she went slowly from the room.

An hour afterward Mrs. Beaufort returned, entering the chamber of her daughter as noiselessly as before. A low, sweet, cooing voice stole into her ears as she passed through the door and thrilled her with a strange emotion—a mingling of exquisite pleasure and pain. It was the baby's

voice. Little Grace was lying on the bed, and over her bent Edith.

"Darling! Sweet one! Darling!"

Thus the mother spoke to her, and at each tenderly uttered word the baby answered with a loving reponse.

"My sweet baby!"

And a shower of kisses followed the words,

The baby still answered with its sweet, low murmur every word and every act of endearment. She lay partly elevated on a pillow and in such a position that Mrs. Beaufort could see her face, while she remained unobserved by her daughter. The hour which she had passed alone had been one of strong self-conflict, ending with self-conviction of wrong. The proud, unscrupulous woman of the world chafed for a time against the iron bars of necessity with which she found herself inclosed, and then gave up the struggle.

"Hard, proud, exacting mother! With what memories have you cursed your child!" How the words continued to ring in her ears, until chords were thrilled which had given forth no sound for years. Calmness succeeded to powerful emotion; and, with this subsiding of the storm, came touches of gentler feeling.

"My poor child!" she sighed to herself, as some vivid realizations of what Edith had suffered startled her into a new consciousness.

This was Mrs. Beaufort's state of mind when she entered Edith's chamber. It was not the first time that the voice of Grace had awakened echoes in her heart. None but she knew the struggle that it cost to part with the child when cruel pride and worldly interests counseled its abandonment. Angry as she had been at her daughter's secret marriage with a young man in humble life when the fact was made known to her, and almost driven to madness when the baby came to mar all her well-schemed future—still, in its lovely innocence, that baby had glided into her heart and made for itself a place there in spite of all her efforts to keep it out and to cast it out. Witness her two visits at the carpenter's and in venturing which so much was endangered.

In full view was the baby's face as she entered the room of Edith. What a heavenly beauty radiated therefrom! What a winning sweetness was in her murmured replies as she answered to the voice of her mother!

"Edith!" said Mrs. Beaufort.

Edith started and a shadow fell on her countenance.

"Edith—my daughter!" There was a tremulousness in the tones of Mrs. Beaufort which betrayed her softened feelings. A few moments Edith looked into her face doubtfully; then she saw that her eyes were dimmed by gathering tears.

"O my mother! my mother!" she exclaimed,

in a voice of passionate entreaty; "will you not take this precious darling to your heart, as once you took me?" and she lifted Grace quickly from the bed and held her toward her mother. "Her hands are outstretched, mother. She asks for a place in your heart. Will you not let her in? A Heaven-sent blessing to us both she will prove—an angel in our home to smile away the darkness that has overshadowed it so long. Dear mother! gather us both in your arms. Mother! mother!"

The last brief struggle was over. Around them both the arms of Mrs. Beaufort were flung, and with a strong compression she drew them to her heart.

"My child! my child!" she sobbed, as her tears fell over the face of Edith and the baby. "Even so let it be. There is room enough for both. I will take her in. Nay, she is there already."

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. BEAUFORT, the widow of General Beaufort, a man of wealth who had attained considerable political distinction during his lifetime, was left with an only daughter, Edith, for whom she had large ambition. A very selfish and self-willed woman, she yet loved this child with an absorbing intensity rarely witnessed. Edith was a part of herself, and she loved herself in her child with a largely increased vitality.

But very unlike her mother was Edith. In her the milder, better traits of her father predominated, and this gave room for the acquirement by such a woman as Mrs. Beaufort of almost unbounded control over her. From the beginning the most implicit obedience had been exacted, and as it was ever an easy sacrifice for Edith to give up her own will, the requirement of her mother came to be the law of her actions.

While Edith remained a child, the current of these two lives—that of the mother and daughter—flowed on together at the same velocity and in channels bending ever in the same direction. But there came a time when the surface of that gently gliding child life began breaking into ripples—when the heart claimed its freedom to love what its own pure instincts regarded as lovely.

From the earliest time the thoughts of Mrs. Beaufort had reached forward to the period when Edith's hand would be claimed in marriage; but not once had qualities of mind and heart raised themselves in the prospective husband above family, wealth, and position in the world.

As Edith grew up, and the pure young girl expanded into lovely womanhood, her personal attractions, as well as her station in life, drew suitors around her, but all failed to win their way into her affections. Among these was a Colonel D'Arcy, a man of wealth and station, who in everything satisfied the ambition of Mrs. Beau-

fort. Well educated, accomplished, possessing a fine person and a large share of self-esteem, Colonel D'Arcy on approaching the lovely heiress might have exclaimed with Caesar at the battle of Ziecla: "Veni, vidi, vici!"

But he came, he saw, and did not conquer. The heart of Edith was too true in its perceptions to make an error here. Utterly repulsive to her was this confident suitor. The sphere of his quality surrounded him like the subtle odor of a noxious plant, and her delicate moral sense perceived this quality the instant he approached. That he repelled instead of attracting her D'Arcy saw at their earliest interview. This piqued his pride, and in the first excitement occasioned by Edith's cool reception he vowed that he would "win her and wear her." It did not take long to satisfy the gallant Colonel that the storming of a fort was an easier task than the storming of a heart. That of Miss Beaufort he found impregnable under all his known modes of warfare.

That the mother favored his suit Colonel D'Arcy saw from the beginning, but a proud confidence in his own powers would not let him stoop to solicit her as an ally. Yet he had to do so in the end. Against their joint assault—aware as he had become of Mrs. Beaufort's influence over her daughter—he was certain there would only be a short resistance. Here again he erred. Edith unhesitatingly declared to her mother that no power on earth would induce her to accept the hand of Colonel D'Arcy, for whom she had the most intense repugnance. Never before had her daughter so boldly set at naught her will. The fiery indignation of Mrs. Beaufort burned fiercely for a time, and in her blind passion she did not hesitate to utter the maddest threats of consequences if there was not a compliance with her wishes.

"I can imagine nothing so dreadful as to become the wife of that man," Edith would answer—shuddering as she answered—every intemperate appeal; and little beyond this did she say, for all her words she knew must fall idly on her mother's ears.

Meantime at the house of a friend in the neighborhood she met with a young man named Percival, who was paying a short visit there. He resided in the city of B——, distant a hundred miles, where he was pursuing the study of law. He was poor, with a few interested friends, and had the world all before him. At their first meeting Henry Percival did not know even the name, much less the social position, of Miss Beaufort, and she was as ignorant of all that appertained to him. But from the eyes of each looked forth upon the other a congenial spirit that was seen and recognized.

The progressive steps of their intimacy we will not pause to relate. On the part of Percival there was no design in the beginning to win the heart

of Edith, and when he saw that it was his and reflected on the wide disparity of their possessions, the discovery saddened his heart, for he saw darkening over both their future a stormy cloud.

On returning home to pursue his studies Percival arranged with Edith for a regular correspondence, which was conducted for nearly a year without becoming known to Mrs. Beaufort. At the end of that time he came back to Clifton, when he and Edith were secretly married. The precipitation of this act was caused by Mrs. Beaufort's acceptance of Colonel D'Arcy in the name of her daughter and the actual appointment of a day, some two or three months distant, when the nuptial ceremonies were to take place.

In order to free Edith from the martyrdom in which her life was passed and to get forever rid of Colonel D'Arcy, the young couple resolved upon this step. It was taken and notice thereof at once communicated to Mrs. Beaufort, coupled with the intelligence that the bridegroom and bride would present themselves before her after the lapse of a week and claim forgiveness and a blessing.

We will not attempt to describe the state of mind into which Mrs. Beaufort was thrown by this undreamed-of intelligence. Her very life's love was assailed and threatened with extinction. No eye but that of Heaven saw her, as in the secrecy of her own chamber she endured the wild conflict of passion that succeeded, but marks of the fearful storm were too plainly visible on her altered face when she came forth in her stately composure.

The week passed, and then Edith and her young husband presented themselves. The first she received with icy coldness, the latter she overwhelmed with bitter denunciation and the most withering scorn.

"Come, Henry," said the young wife, laying her hand upon his arm and drawing him away; "I will not hear you addressed in such language, even by my mother. You are my husband and the wide world is ours."

There was a simple dignity blended with unmistakable purpose in this that confounded as well as surprised Mrs. Beaufort.

Edith had already turned away and was moving with her husband toward the door through which they had just entered.

"Edith! Girl!"

The voice of the mother arose almost into a cry of anguish.

Edith paused, and turning, looked back. Her face was colorless and all its lines rigid from excessive emotion; but it was resolute.

"I have cast my lot in life and with deliberation, mother," she said. "You left me no other course. Death I could have met calmly, but not the destiny you assigned me. This man is my husband, chosen from all other men, and with him

I shall go through the world. If you will not receive him you cannot receive me."

"Mad girl! mad girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaufort, as she staggered back a few steps and sank upon a chair. "How have you flung to the stormy winds every dearest hope of my life!"

Edith left her husband's side and going quickly to her mother laid her hand gently upon her hot forehead, on which the veins were swollen into cords. The touch of that soft hand thrilled magnetically along every nerve. For some minutes Mrs. Beaufort sat entirely passive.

Ah! she could not live without her child, and never did she feel that truth more deeply or more painfully. Indignant pride would have flung her off and disowned her forever, but intense love clung to her, even as the drowning cling to a straw.

"O Edith! My child, what have you done?"

As these words came almost sobbing from her lips, Mrs. Beaufort arose and went from the room with unsteady steps.

When, after the lapse of two hours, she rejoined Edith and her husband, it was to meet them with a kindness of manner that took both by surprise. Below this assumed exterior Percival, who had a quick, penetrating mind, saw concealed a sinister purpose; but Edith, too happy at so broad a concession, believed that her mother had resolved to make the best of circumstances which no act of hers could change. The first inquiries made by Mrs. Beaufort were in reference to the publicity which had been given to the marriage. On learning that everything had been conducted with the strictest secrecy and that the fact was only known to one or two pledged friends, who were to be relied upon, she expressed much satisfaction and at once proposed further measures of concealment for the present.

To these proposals Percival and Edith, after some persuasion, were induced to accede, and at an early day the young man returned to B—— alone to enter upon the practice of his profession, he having been just admitted to the bar.

Six or seven months elapsed, during which time Percival had twice visited Clifton, arriving by arrangement late in the evening and not showing himself to any visitor during the brief period he remained. To both himself and Edith this secrecy was growing daily more and more oppressive and repugnant, and it was only maintained through the powerful influence of Mrs. Beaufort.

About this time a gentleman from New Orleans called upon Percival and made him liberal offers if he would go to the South. This person's name was Maris. He had been in correspondence for some two years with Percival's legal preceptor, and at his instance made the proposition to which we have referred. The opening promised to be so largely advantageous that the young man felt

bound to accept of it. Previously to doing so he repaired to Clifton to consult with his wife and his mother-in-law. Edith made some feeble objections, but Mrs. Beaufort was so decided in her approval that she acquiesced, and immediate preparations for departure were made.

For three months letters came regularly from Percival, whose residence was New Orleans. He spoke with animation of his opening prospects and shadowed forth, in ardent fancy, a future of brilliant success in his profession. Then came a longer silence than usual; then a letter from Mr. Maris announcing Percival's dangerous illness with a Southern fever. Two weeks more—weeks of agony to the young wife—and the terrible news of his death came, with mournful details of the last extremity. In the midst of Edith's wild anguish a babe was born, the sweet little Grace, in whom the reader feels so tender an interest. Around this event Mrs. Beaufort threw every possible veil of concealment, even going so far as to bribe to secrecy by most liberal inducements every member of her household that became necessarily aware of the circumstances.

Weak in body and mind—prostrate, in fact, under the heavy blow that fell so suddenly upon her—Edith became passive in the hands of her mother and obeyed her for a time with the unquestioning docility of a little child. Even her mind, in its feeble state, became impressed with the idea of secrecy, so steadily enjoined by Mrs. Beaufort, and in presence of the few visitors whom she could not refuse to see she assumed a false exterior and most sedulously concealed everything that could awake even a remote suspicion that she had been a wife and was now a mother.

Meantime, under all the disadvantages of its position, the babe was steadily winning its way into a heart which, from the beginning, had shut the door against it with a resolute and cruel purpose. Mrs. Beaufort could never come where it was without feeling a desire to take it in her arms and draw it to her bosom, and the more she resisted this desire the stronger it became, until the conflict occasioned kept her in a constant state of excitement.

A few weeks after the news of Percival's death was received Colonel D'Arcy visited Clifton. On being announced Edith positively refused to see him, and her feeble state warranted even in her mother's view that decision. He remained only a short time, but on leaving placed in the hands of Mrs. Beaufort an epistle for her daughter couched in the tenderest language and renewing previous offers of his hand.

Percival out of the way, Mrs. Beaufort was now more than ever resolved to compass this darling scheme of her heart—the marriage of her daughter with Colonel D'Arcy. The first step in its sure accomplishment was to get the child out of the

way. But how was this to be done? It was a fine, healthy child, more than usually forward for its age, and in no way likely to die speedily, unless—unless? Did thoughts of murder stir in the mind of that proud, selfish, cruel woman? Such thoughts were suggested and even pondered! But other thoughts—of disgrace and punishment—came quickly to drive them out. The abandonment of Grace was next determined upon. To effect this she first induced Edith—who, from grief, sickness, and incessant persecution had entirely lost her mental equipoise—to write a letter of acceptance to Colonel D'Arcy. Passive hopelessness left her a mere instrument in her mother's hands. For her acts she was scarcely responsible. The letter of acceptance passed speedily from her and went on its mission beyond recall. This fact of acceptance was a great power gained over Edith—a power that Mrs. Beaufort, seeing her vantage ground, used with a heartless rigor that finally led to the cruel act of desertion already known to the reader.

For two weeks subsequent to Edith's return home, after placing the basket containing her baby at the door of Mr. Harding—she had resisted all persuasion, entreaty, and command of her mother to leave that task for another—she retained but little consciousness of surrounding circumstances. The ordeal proved too great, and her over-tried spirit sought protection and repose in partial oblivion. Slowly recovering, her first sane thoughts were of her baby, and, though she said nothing of her purpose to her mother, she was fully resolved, the moment strength came for the effort, to regain possession thereof, publicly acknowledging it and her marriage, and, if that sad necessity were imposed, go forth from her mother's house into the world alone.

The meeting at Harding's was quite as great a surprise to Edith as to her mother; but it was all the better, as giving occasion for the unqualified declaration of her future purpose—a declaration that, as has been seen, she was prepared to sustain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"IF the heart is not satisfied, mother, life at best is a heavy burden."

Mrs. Beaufort and her daughter were sitting together on the day after their recovery of Grace and talking calmly of the future. Hopeless of attaining her ambitious ends, the former had given up the struggle so long continued. Even though but a few hours had passed since the unequal strife with Edith, she was becoming clearly conscious that her course of action toward her child had been far from just or humane and that her position gave her no right to exercise so tyrannical an influence. No longer compelled by her own

selfish purposes to cherish a feeling of antipathy toward Grace, she found her heart beginning to flow forth toward the lovely infant. Such was the nameless attraction possessed by the child that even with all her powerful reasons for wishing to annihilate her, if that were possible, Mrs. Beaufort had not been able to resist the sphere of her love-inspiring innocence. Now, when no barrier to affection reared itself, her heart turned toward the infant and opened itself with eagerness to take her in. Quick to perceive the real change in her mother's feelings toward Grace, Edith placed the little one in her arms, and with a thrill of exquisite delight saw it drawn impulsively to her heart. In that moment the work of reconciliation was accomplished. Against the winning attractions of Grace Mrs. Beaufort had striven from the beginning, but never with perfect success. It was all in vain that, to satisfy pride and ambition, she had cast her off; even in the separation her heart had mirrored the baby's sweet image, turned ever and anon toward her, and yearned for her restoration. And now, when she came back to brighten with her seraphic presence the darkness of their unhappy home and no strong motive for thrusting her out remained, her heart leaped toward her, panting with its long-endured thirst to love and receiving her therein with joy and gladness.

"O mother!" added Edith, as they sat together, each striving for and feeling the way toward a truer reconciliation, "how vainly do we seek for happiness if we seek it beyond the range of our own true wants! We must look inward—not outward. We must ask of our hearts—not of the world—how and where and with what companionship we are to spend our life's probation. As for me, I desire nothing beyond my own home and an entire devotion of all I have and all I am to my child. If that will satisfy me, why should any one seek my unhappiness by dragging me into uncongenial relations, or cursing me with associations against which my whole nature revolts with loathing? As for Colonel D'Arcy—I speak of him now because you are better prepared to understand me than ever before—his friendship, even, oppresses me. But when he seeks a nearer association—presumes to ask of me the love given but once and never to be given again—I am almost suffocated with disgust. Yield him my hand, mother! Never while I have strength to bind it to my side! I would brave a thousand deaths in preference. He is a bad man—I know it by the quick repugnance that fills my heart whenever he comes near me. Did he possess a single germ of true manliness, he would not pursue me after all that has passed."

A servant interrupted them by announcing that a strange man had called and asked to see Mrs. Beaufort.

"What is his name?" inquired the lady.

"He wishes to see you a moment, but would not give his name."

"What kind of a looking man?"

The servant described him.

"Say that I will be down in a few moments."

As the servant withdrew, the whole manner of Mrs. Beaufort changed. "It is Harding," said she.

Edith started and turned pale, at the same time lifting Grace from her mother's arms.

"What is to be done? How did he find his way here?"

"We must see him," said Mrs. Beaufort, after a few moments of hurried reflection.

"Both of us?"

"Yes, Edith, both of us. And he must see Grace. Nothing is left now but to conciliate and bring him a certain degree into our confidence. He and his wife proved faithful to the trust reposed in them. They loved our little Grace truly and cared for her tenderly, and they must have their reward. There was a fine manliness about his conduct last night that raised him high in my estimation. I think he can be trusted."

"But he frightened me so, mother; he spoke so harshly and seemed so cruel."

"Was he not right, Edith, in seeking to prevent our taking away the babe, strangers as we were, and refusing, as we did, to give any satisfaction as to our personality? He was right, and I approved his manly firmness at the time."

"I wish you would meet him alone, mother."

"I do not think that will be best," replied Mrs. Beaufort. "We must not let him see that we are afraid of him. Our relations are very different from what they were last evening, and if we show a consciousness of our real position he will not be slow to perceive his own."

The room into which the carpenter had been shown was a large parlor, richly furnished, its six windows draped with heavy curtains of red satin damask. Around the walls were hung many pictures, among which his eyes soon recognized his two visitors of the previous night, Mrs. Beaufort and her daughter. The portrait of Edith had been taken some five years previously, and, while it still bore a striking resemblance, had all the innocent sweetness of gentle girlhood. As he gazed with a kind of fascination upon this pictured countenance, it seemed to change and grow life-like, and he almost started to his feet as he saw the eyes of dear little Grace looking down with a loving expression from the canvas. He was scarcely freed from the illusion when he became aware that footsteps drew near the door. Turning, he met the calm, dignified face of Mrs. Beaufort and the pale, timid, half-frightened countenance of her daughter, who held the baby he had lost closely drawn to her bosom.

"Mr. Harding!" said Mrs. Beaufort, speaking with entire self-possession and giving her hand to the carpenter as she advanced to meet him. "So you have found us, my good friend," she added; "and it is perhaps as well. We had powerful reasons for desiring to remain unknown. Under the circumstances this was hardly possible. You, at least, were not to be baffled in your search, as this early visit testifies. Sit down, Mr. Harding. We had better understand each other fully."

Harding was somewhat bewildered by the calmness of his reception. From the dignified countenance of Mrs. Beaufort his eyes turned to the infant that lay so closely drawn against the breast of its mother. As they did so a softened expression passed over his rough face.

"Grace! Grace!" he said tenderly, and advancing reached out his hands.

Edith moved off a pace or two; but the little one the moment she heard the well-known voice started up, and with a glad murmur fluttered her rosy hands and leaned eagerly forward, while her whole face was lit up with a joyful recognition. Edith drew her back, while an expression of anxiety and alarm dimmed her countenance.

"Let her come to me, ma'am," said the carpenter, in a respectful voice; it trembled with feeling.

Edith glanced toward the door, fearfully. Harding understood the meaning of this.

"You need not mistrust me, ma'am." He stepped to the door and closed it. As he returned to where she stood, he continued: "Jacob Harding has gone thus far in life without a treacherous action and he will not violate his honor now. Let her come to me. Oh! let her come. Let me feel the dear one again in my arms, where she has lain so many, many times."

Mrs. Beaufort, seeing that her daughter still hesitated, took Grace from her arms and placed her in those of the carpenter. As Harding received the precious burden he clasped her passionately and spoke to her in the most endearing tones. The little one answered him with her sweet love-language, and even drew her tiny arms around his neck. How wildly he kissed her! Dim were his eyes as he restored her to her mother, and he spoke not, for emotion was too strong.

"I am foolish," he said, as he recovered himself. "It is not manly, I know, but that child has from the beginning softened my heart, until it has become weak as a woman's. How you could have parted with her"—this thought restored his self-possession and he spoke with something of a rebuking sternness—"passes my comprehension."

"And it passes mine! it passes mine!" murmured Edith, speaking to herself as she bent lower over the child, which the carpenter had restored to her arms.

"As for the past," said Mrs. Beaufort—she

spoke with a calmness and self-possession that had its effect on Harding—"that must sleep, my friend, with its errors and sufferings, as far as memory will let it sleep. All I will say of it to you is that I had ambitious views in regard to my daughter which she frustrated by a secret marriage. The death of her young husband a few months afterward, and while I was yet able to prevent the fact from becoming known, revived all my ambitious hopes. The birth of this child I was able to conceal, and, moreover, succeeded in so overshadowing the mind of its mother as to induce her in a moment of partial derangement to abandon it at your door—not yours by choice, but by accident. The rest you know. The mother's heart was too strong in my child. Her baby is again on her bosom and there it must remain. Her grateful thanks are yours for the tenderness with which you have cared for it, and she will not let her gratitude, believe me, rest in her mind as a fruitless sentiment. For the present all we ask of you is discretion. Let the knowledge of our personality in connection with this matter remain wholly with you and your wife. Of course, the baby must now be acknowledged and we shall proceed without delay to give public and indisputable evidence of my daughter's marriage. As to the abandonment of the child, with the circumstances attending it, if all becomes known in each minute particular we shall suffer strong opprobrium. Very naturally, I wish to escape this myself, and especially to save my daughter from the charge of having abandoned to strangers of whom she knew nothing her own tender infant. Can we trust in your prudence? Will you not bind yourselves to us, you and your wife, by a new debt of gratitude?"

It was some time before Harding made any answer. His mind was bewildered by what Mrs. Beaufort had said. Plain enough was it that the angel of their household was to return to them no more; and the shadow already on his heart fell colder and darker.

"All does not lie with us," he remarked, scarcely reflecting on what he said.

"Why not on you?"

Mrs. Beaufort spoke anxiously.

"The dressmaker you saw at Mrs. Barclay's yesterday directed my suspicions toward you."

"What?"

Mrs. Beaufort grew excited.

"Miss Gimp told me that you manifested a singular interest in us and the child. I asked her to describe you and knew you by the description in a moment; therefore I am here."

"Bad—bad! That is bad. I was imprudent."

Mrs. Beaufort spoke to herself.

"I have also seen Mrs. Hartley, of Overton."

The face of Mrs. Beaufort flushed.

"She knew you by my description."

"Well?"

"But refused to say who you were or where I could find you unless I gave her my entire confidence."

"Which you—"

"Did not," replied Harding. "Everything was so much involved in mystery that I chose to be discreet."

"That was well. But Miss Gimp—does she know about what took place last night?"

"No one knows it out of my family except Mr. Long, the schoolmaster, whose prudence is altogether to be relied on."

It was now Mrs. Beaufort's turn to be silent. For many minutes she sat revolving in her mind all the difficult aspects of the affair in which she had become involved. At length she said:

"Mr. Harding, all we ask of you now is entire silence to every one for the present in regard to what has transpired. We will offer you no personal inducement to secure this, for that would be an insult to your manliness of character. But you have laid us, and can still lay us, under a heavy burden of gratitude. May we trust you?"

"As entirely as you can trust yourselves," was the unhesitating answer. "I see no good that can arise from bruising the matter abroad. Why, then, shall it be done? But there is one thing I must ask."

"Name it."

"The privilege for my wife of seeing the baby. Ah, ma'am! you know not how she loves it. For many weeks it has slept in her bosom until it has grown to be a part of herself. You know not her distress at its loss. Her eyes have been full of tears ever since. To us all the child has been as an angel. Strife has ceased in its blessed presence and the lowest murmur of its sweet voice has been a 'Peace, be still,' to the wildest storm of passion."

"Bring her here to-morrow," said Mrs. Beaufort, with a good-will in her voice that betokened her earnestness. "We would send our carriage, but for reasons that need not be suggested to you."

"Yes, bring her over," added Edith. "I wish to see her and know her. She has laid my heart under a debt of gratitude which can never be paid."

Harding arose. "Once more let me feel her in my arms," said he, as he fixed his eyes lovingly on the child.

The timid mother did not hesitate, but resigned to him the baby, which looked up fondly in his face and smiled its sweetest smile.

"God bless you and keep you," Harding spoke with deep feeling. He could say no more. Kissing the pure lips and brow many times fervently, he handed the baby back to her mother. As soon as he had recovered his self-possession he withdrew formally, saying that he would see them, in

company with his wife, some time during the next day. A few minutes afterward he was galloping homeward as fast as his horse's feet would carry him.

T. S. A.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"A SUBJECT."

ONE of the most eminent painters of Paris, it is reported, was lately commissioned to paint the portrait of a lady who was some years ago a famous beauty, but who is now nearer her fiftieth than her fortieth year. She wished the portrait to be exhibited in this year's Salon, and gave the artist endless trouble over its details. When it was finished, however, she was far from contented, and declared that she could not recognize her own likeness in his conscientious piece of work. The painter said that she need not have the picture if she did not think it a faithful one, and it remained in his *atelier* as his own unsold property.

Meanwhile he was determined to have his revenge for the insult done to his pride as an artist and the loss to his pocket as one who lived by his art. In order that the picture should not remain a piece of dead capital he resolved to transform it from a portrait into a subject.

A few days before the private exhibition the lady in question was informed by a well-instructed friend that the artist had introduced a number of accessories into her portrait which were likely to compromise her reputation. She drove off in great haste to the painter's studio and asked to see the picture. The wish was promptly gratified. There she stood upon the canvas, life-like and life-size. But the cruel artist had thinned her hair to semi-baldness, and in one of her hands she held two long tresses of false hair. Upon the table at her side, which he had changed into a toilet-table, were ranged a number of bottles, labeled respectively with the words "Milk of Lilies," "Beauty Water," "Elixir against Wrinkles," "Golden-Hair Dye." The lady cried out that such treatment was infamous.

"You have really no complaint, madam," said the artist. "You have already declared that the picture is in no sense a portrait of yourself. I accept your opinion; and, as I cannot afford to lose so much hard work, I have treated it as a *fantaisie* piece, and as such I shall introduce it to the public. I mean to call it 'The Coquette of Fifty Years.'"

"What!" exclaimed she. "You mean to exhibit it?" The lady immediately begged him to accept the stipulated sum for the portrait, and, after she had seen the compromising accessories obliterated in her presence, took out her check-book and bought the picture on the spot.

BY AND BY.

WHEN God was forming the heart of man,
The Angel of Mercy beheld the plan,
And over the harp of a thousand strings
She drew her snowy and shining wings,
And craved the boon of her gracious Lord
Of tuning one silvery spirit-cord.

And Eden's sunlight and Eden's shade
Were flooded with music the new harp made;
But not a melody note was flung
From the slender string that the Angel strung,
Till sorrow had silenced the joyous lay
That gushed from the heart in its gladsome day.

When Justice shut, on the mourning pair,
The gates of Eden, so fragrant and fair,
Sweet Mercy followed on noiseless wing
And wakened the silent and secret string,
And the exiles heard, with a brightening eye,
The first sweet anthem of "by and by!"

And down from Eden have drifted along
The golden notes of that Angel song,
That the rosy fingers of Mercy play
On the suffering heart in the darkest day.
We bless the Angel of pitying eye
For her soft, sweet warble of "by and by!"

O mourner! the earth is a yard of tombs;
The heart is a garden of fading blooms;
We see them falling—the loving, the dear—
And passing away from the pathway here;
We long sometimes for the graveless shore
Where those we have cherished have gone before;
And Mercy plays, with a pitying eye,
The tune on the heart-string—"by and by!"

They're passing away—they're passing away
From a dim earth-night to a heavenly day;
And leave us to mourn by the marble urn
Of joys departed that never return!
And hearts would break with a burden of woe
As memory wanders the "long ago,"
If the Angel of Mercy, with a pitying eye,
Played not on the heart-string—"by and by!"

SARAH I. C. WHITTLESEY.

GOOD THINKING.—Among the many arts which should be sedulously taught and earnestly studied, the art of thinking well should stand pre-eminent. Everybody thinks; it is an involuntary mental process that comes with the first dawn of intelligence and continues through life. But to think well is a rare art. Most of our thinking is desultory, wandering, and confused—a sort of litter of things good and bad, useful and useless, without arrangement, plan, or purpose. Good thinking always has an aim; it is a straight path to truth. It longs for great spiritual things and chooses the nearest way

BESIDE STILL WATERS.

I WAS troubled. I awoke early with a pain in my temples and eyes. I looked out of the window while I was dressing; the pines in the distance wore a funereal aspect and the round hill-tops lay cold and bleak and bare in the November morning. The faint smoke uprose from the village smithy, and the swarthy smith stood in the low, sooty door tying on his tattered apron. A flock of wild geese curved round the bend in the river, following the line of fog and sailing just above the tops of the willows. Everything seemed gloomy and in harmony with my feelings.

I never rise and look out of the window early in the morning that I do not think of one, a dear old man, to whom death came softly and quietly. He rose in good health, went to the window, lifted the sash and leaned out, thoughtfully gazing upon the beauty of the dawn; then he sighed and lay down upon his pillow, and in the twinkling of an eye his soul had flown from the body.

On this morning, while the pain ran riot through our eyes and temples, our thoughts went out to that silent scene and we wondered if he were troubled that morning; if his head was pained; if the skies were beautiful in that last mournful, searching gaze; if the sleepy birds twittered in his hearing; if the door-yard flowers sent up their sweetest incense, and if the soul, in its nearness to eternity, loved the beauty of earth more or less.

Everything went wrong that I touched with my hands or essayed to do.

Well, there was one remedy. The world is wide. It is filled with human beings constituted alike. Each heart has its own bitterness. We would compare our trouble with the grief of our neighbor.

We piled up the breakfast dishes and spread the tablecloth over them, swept, after the fashion of a sick woman, drew the curtains, closed the damper, put on a comfortable wrap, and went out, letting our footsteps tend whither they would.

The crisp November air is a panacea for headache and low spirits, and measuring one's sorrows with the sorrows of other people generally lightens our own or leaves them shorn of half their bitterness.

How spicy seemed the fresh, clean woodland! How lightly the dry, brown leaves rustled under our feet! How sweet the song of the speckled thrush and the quick, short, scolding note of the jay, tilting on the bare twig of a fragrant sassafras! How cute the springing rabbit, with its trim tail aloft, and as airy as a plume on my lady's hat! The moss lay like velvet tapestry on the sloping banks and the stones were transformed into heavily cushioned ottomans by the marvelous plush that covered them. The throbbing of the pheasant was in the ravine below us; the chatter-

ing scold of the squirrel above us among the high oaks; the babble of the brook anear as it wound away "to join the brimming river," and the resounding strokes of the woodchopper's ax from an adjacent knoll—all were pleasant sounds and fell soothing as music upon the ear.

Already was the sting of gloomy discontent robbed of half its pain. We always find solace when close to the heart of Nature, for

"When the heart is fretted with worldly cares,
It is well to the sweet, wild woods to go."

At the foot of the hill is a lowly cottage. A widow and her family reside there; it is their own home; their own hands planted the trees and vines, which have grown with the growth of the sons and daughters. The eldest son, a lad of perhaps seventeen years of age, has never looked upon the light of day or seen the face of his devoted mother; his babbling speech cannot frame the word which is so dear to all children; he is blind, weak, idiotic.

"How is Johnny to-day?" we asked, as we drew near the fire.

And the mother, a fair-faced, middle-aged woman, brushes back her hair more in embarrassment than of need, and answers with wholesome cheer:

"Oh! Johnny is well to-day; I believe he feels better than he did while the summer heat was upon us."

Just then a droning, song-y noise is heard in the little room adjoining—a noise like nothing earthly. That is Johnny singing.

"I would like to see the boy this morning," I reply.

The mother, Mary Ann, folds one hand over the other as though introducing them to each other, puckers her mouth in a soothing way, seems to put back the stray hairs off her smooth, placid forehead, and crosses the room, and, with a little clearing of the throat—a polite hint that some persons always give to herald their coming—she opens the door.

Poor Johnny! Why he is thus is one of the mysteries that Nature fast locks up in her own keeping.

Not thus from inheritance, intemperance, anger, fright, neglect, poverty, nor any of the subtle causes known to often produce such pitiable results.

As we enter he is sitting doubled up on the floor, his knees drawn up and his fingers locked over them, swaying to and fro in a swinging, rocking motion, an attitude which is most restful to the poor boy. A handful of strings and bits of bark and chips lie beside him.

"Well, Johnny, did you make a nice wagon, son? Can mamma's little man just begin to make sleds and wagons? Why, yes, he can!" said the mother, as she laid a hand softly on the back of

his head and smoothed down his really fine, soft hair.

"Yah, yah, yah!" was the queer response, and the tall figure, with a blundering stumble, loosed his long, narrow, cotton frock from about his legs, and, with the help of his hands on the floor, then on a chair, rose to his feet with an unsteady, swaying movement, and with a shambling gait came with outstretched arms toward his mother, and, as he reached her, tipped his head sidewise and kissed her, quite after the approved fashion.

His eyes were white and sunken; his hands long and bony; his shoulders broad, and his body slender and tapering. His hair was beautiful, and the profile of his nose and mouth very fine, but in every sense the boy is a hopeless idiot.

"Does he love his poor mamma? Yes, he does love her, so he does. He's mamma's boy; yes, mamma's nice boy 't knows how to make funny little wagons," said the poor mother, as she held the thin, white face between her palms and pressed, now one dear cheek to it, then the other, with all the rapture of a tender mother's unselfish affection.

The sight was too affecting. We wept. We covered our face with our hands and cried in shame and sorrow as we thought of the blessings that encompassed us about, shielding and comforting and sustaining and helping us in all conditions and under all circumstances. We had complained. Our head had ached. We had been despondent. Everything had worn an aspect of gloom. We had forgotten that real sorrows—sorrows enough to break the heart and doom this fond mother to utter distraction—were within a half-hour's walk from our door.

"Poor Johnny!" said the mother, "he has a good deal of comfort, after all. He is so fond of cookies with raisins in them, and if he has all of them that he wants to eat and a few strings and shavings and flat chips to play with, you would be surprised to see what a sight o' comfort the poor dear does find! You see, he can kind of wind a string around one of these things—he can't tie a knot, poor soul! for he hasn't that much mind—and then he can feel it as it moves along when he pulls it, and the way my Johnny does laugh warms my heart and does me good"—and her brown eyes brightened with real delight.

She put a string in his fingers' clasp, a shaving in the other hand, and then, by a dexterity sharpened by love, she helped him to "make a nice wagon." He pulled with one hand and felt the wagon move along with the other. His joy was supreme. His cup of happiness was full to the brim. After she had played a while with him she kissed him, took a cookie out of her pocket and slipped it into his hand, and we went out, while his one note of rejoicing was filling the room—a jubilant music that was sweet to the ear of the compassionate mother.

As we walked adown the lane, which lay in the loveliest part of the river-valley, thinking, while ourself was arraigned: "What we have been makes us what we are"—we met two ladies out driving in a carriage. What a contrast was the mother we had just left compared to the wealthy one in the pretty turnout!

She, Eleanor Harvey, was the only child of wealthy parents, both dead. The property she inherited was immense; but she had nothing to do. Life had held out for her no sharp discipline of pain; no regenerating fire had burned for her feet a crystal pathway; no wandering woe had visited her;—she had escaped all these strange purifiers of the nature that needs so much to be thwarted, bruised, broken, bowed down, until the "fruity must of soundest wine" pervades the whole. She was, in a spiritual sense, unwomanly, unregenerated, for

"Mercy has a human heart;
Pity has a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress."

And so she thought only of herself, of the Lady Eleanor, and went on taking medicines; going South for her health; East, to the great, world-wide healer of all known diseases; West, to the wonderful climate that is like the fabled spring that giveth the youth perpetual and that robbeth age of its terrors, its wrinkles, and its aches and pains. And as we bade her good-bye and saw the sparkling wheels of the beautiful carriage go spinning away in the clear November sunshine, we drew the comparison between the three women—Lady Eleanor, poor Mary Ann, and our own debatable self.

We kept on thinking and thinking until we had reached home. We found a good fire, dinner ready, house tidy as a band-box, our fresh mail lying on the writing-desk beside our chair, and everything so cozy and charming! Our headache was gone. Our early morning's dower, the blues, had faded into the glowing and the rosy; our sense of shame and feeling of ingratitude overwhelmed us "most powerfully," as our old darkey barber would say, and if we had been a judge sitting on a like case we would have sentenced the woman offender to forty days in the workhouse on bread and water! We sick? we miserable? We were richer than the Lady Eleanor, happier than poor Mary Ann, with her life-long burden of sore sorrow—that she felt not in the ecstasy of the fulfillment of mother-love, with its recompenses and remunerations, its heavenly compensations—such as only a true mother knows and understands. Yes I was well, happy:

"For unto me the past, with all its store
Of untold wealth, belongs;
To me the singers and the saints of yore
Repeat their prayers and songs."

"For me the long-past centuries yield
The harvest of their thought;
My gleanings bring me sheaves from many a field
Where stronger hearts have wrought.

"Mine is the present, too; nor let it be
Despised as little worth.
I could not tell of all the good I see
Each day upon the earth.

"And for the future;—but I may not speak
Of all I hope for then;
The glories of that city which I seek
No tongue can tell, nor pen.

"So the day rounds to fullness, and the night
Is blessed, like the day;
For God, who makes the darkness and the light,
Keeps every fear away."

ROSELLA RICE.



THE CYCLAMEN.

THE cyclamen (*Cyclamen Persicum*) is a beautiful little flower which deserves to be better known. As the name indicates, it is a native of Persia, but it adapts itself readily to almost any soil and climate. It is especially suited for window-culture, as it blooms freely with very little trouble. The leaves and flowers spring directly from a tuberous root, somewhat in the manner of the common purple violet. The dark-green leaves are heart-shaped; the curious flowers are white, with a circle of deep reddish-purple in the centre. These latter are all in one piece, or *monopetalous*, but are deeply divided into five segments, giving them the appearance of having five petals. When the blossom opens, the corolla, or colored part, turns upward, so that the centre of the flower really seems like its base. After blooming the stalk coils itself up in a spiral form, with the seed-vessel in the centre, and bends itself downward, in which position the seeds are ripened.

M.

LINE TO A PLAGIARIST.

WHO by a theft can to his stature add?
Th' effect, my friend, must wait upon the cause.

He who defies his soul's controlling laws
And seeks by borrowed wings to mount, is mad.

The fact inwrought in my life's structure can
By no device be made to fit your own;
It stands forth like a rough, incongruous stone
Which enters not into the builder's plan.

And nature's lovely symmetry is lost
By strained effects and the excess of art;
One cannot from the lines of truth depart
And pay not, soon or late, the fatal cost.

But perfect is the work which we may rear
From elements consigned to our control
By powers God-given—to the seeking soul
To make its cause for being just and clear.

The smallest good which he with patience strives
In his own sphere of life to manifest,
Is infinitely greater than the best
Which is absorbed by stealth from other lives.

Why leave the harvest that is wholly yours
To glean in fields less bountiful and fair?
Missing thereby your full and perfect share
Of blessedness, which faithfulness secures.

No fruit is so delightful to the taste
As that which we have nurtured from the seed.
Eat, friend, this fruit, in spirit and in deed,
Ere all life's golden chances run to waste.

Renounce the shams, which on yourself react,
And cultivate your individual gifts,
Till their unfolding growth your soul uplifts
Into the realms of Universal Fact.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

BUSINESS.—It is certainly a great misfortune when the daily work of men or women is so distasteful that they are glad to dismiss all thoughts of it as soon as it is over. The work itself must suffer in quality, having had no heart put into it, and the performer of it sacrifices a large portion of life's most solid happiness. There is, however, an opposite extreme that some truly conscientious people fall into—that of carrying their daily business into all their waking hours. There is hardly a counterbalancing feature in this habit of mind. If even the work itself was benefited thereby, there might be some justification, but the truth is that every business duty needs complete liberation from the strain of it at times.

Religious Reading.

THE FLAIL OF GOD'S CORRECTIONS.

"Grief may be joy misunderstood."

BENDING over the pine-apple geranium in my window, I find no fragrance; but let a gust of wind or dash of rain pass over it—ah! what a change! It droops its leaves, to be sure—looks bent and battered, but what a fragrance! And better still, if I pluck a leaf and bruise it, the lotus-flower of Japan cannot equal the subtle, intoxicating odor that is wafted to my senses.

Con the sweet lesson, afflicted heart! How like the bruising of human souls! Under the blue sky of ordinary, comfortable experiences, little of the sweet-smelling savor of Christian character is exhaled. The fragrance may be there, hidden within the leaf, but it wants bruising to bring it out.

Let the wind and the rain and the tempest of life beat upon that soul, and, though the visage be marred by the conflict, He, of whom it is said, "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him," and "whose visage was more marred than any man's"—He, "the brother born for adversity," will take good care that exquisite fragrance is exhaled from even broken leaves! How that fragrance enriches the world as it mounts heavenward!

"This leaf, it is thy heart!
It must be bruised by sorrow's art;
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet
To lay at thy dear Lord's feet."

Mark how the Roman farmer applied the word tribulation—*tribulatio*, the act of separating chaff from wheat. How meet that we should use the word as indicative of those processes by which sorrow and anguish are made to bring out the fine gold of character without alloy.

"For till the bruising flail of God's corrections
Have threshed out of us our vain affections—
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by the sacred Spirit removed from us—
Until from the straw of worldly treasures,
The dusty chaff of empty pleasures—
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away,
And leave the soul uncovered—nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our spirit poor,
We shall not up to the highest good aspire."

"How comes it," says Gotthold, "that whatever is of a useful nature must suffer much and be subjected to every kind of ill-treatment—but that a man who himself does with these things whatever he chooseth is unwilling to suffer that he may be made of use, or permit God to do as He lists with Him? Wheat, which is the noblest of the products of the earth, is threshed, trod upon, swept about, tossed into the air, sifted, shaken, and shoveled; afterward ground, re-sifted, and baked, and so at last arrives upon the tables of princes and kings! What, then, do I mean in being displeased with God because He does not translate me to Heaven in an easy-chair! By what other process is the wheat to be cleared?"

Dear reader, do you, too, sometimes quiver beneath the bruising process or tremble under the flail of God's corrections? Let us take heart of grace, remembering that though we may tread the wine-press, it is not to us, like unto our Saviour of old—the wine-press of wrath. Shall we not choose that the chaff of folly and sin may be separated from the grain of Christian character, "though the flail lie hard upon us," so that we may be counted fit to grace the King's table. Let us smile back into the benificent face bent so tenderly upon us and cry,

"Having in our life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops some pebble small
Down a deep well and hears it fall,
Smiling—so I!"

MRS. HELEN H. S. THOMPSON.

PRAYER.

WE are warned in Scripture against one very common fault which people are addicted to in praying: "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do; for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking." People not unfrequently approach the Lord in their prayers as though He were deaf to their petitions. They are loud and noisy and say over and over and over again what they want, as if determined to wring from the Deity by sheer force the granting of their requests. But we are told: "Be not ye like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." Prayer ought to be wise as well as earnest. It should be regarded not as a dictation to the Lord, but as the expression of a desire to have nothing more than His holy will fulfilled in us. When the spirit of true prayer is ours, we shall not fail to pray in accordance with this injunction. Our prayers then will proceed not from impatience, but from confidence; not from a misdirected zeal, but from a heart which is guided by the dictates of heavenly truth. And praying thus, our souls will indeed be opened to Him who knows our wants far better than we ourselves know them; and we shall ask and receive, because we ask not amiss.

THAT is a striking sentence by Carlyle in the *Sartor Resartus*. He is speaking about childhood and the upbringing of children, and says: "My kind mother did me one altogether invaluable service: she taught me less indeed by word than by daily reverent look and habitude her own simple version of the Christian faith. The highest whom I knew on earth I saw bowed down with awe unspeakable before a Higher in Heaven; such things, especially in infancy, reach inward to the very core of your being; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps, and reverence, the divinest in man, springs forth undying from its mean envelopment of fear."

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD.

AS regards a renunciation of the world, it is the opinion of many that to renounce the world and to live in the spirit and not in the flesh means to reject all worldly concerns, especially riches and honors; to be continually engaged in pious meditations on God, on salvation, and on eternal life; to devote one's whole life to prayer, to the reading of the Word, and the perusal of pious books, and to suffer self-inflicted pain. This, however, is not what is meant by renouncing the world. To renounce the world is to love God and to love the neighbor, and a man loves God when he lives according to His commandments, and he loves his neighbor when he performs all. In order, therefore, that a man may receive the life of heaven, it is necessary that he should live in the world and engage in the various offices and businesses of life. A life of abstraction from secular concerns is a life of thought and faith separate from a life of love and charity, and in such a life willing good and doing good to the neighbor perish. Where this is the case the spiritual life becomes like a house without a foundation, which either gradually sinks into the ground or becomes full of clefts and chinks or totters till it falls.

That to do good is to worship the Lord appears from the words of the Lord Himself: "Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand." (Matt. vii, 24-27; Luke vi, 47-49.)—Swedenborg.

"LO! I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

O PROMISE full of sweetness!
O words of rapture rare!
What height and depth of joy ye bring
To spirits bowed with care.

Our earth-friends fall around us,
The ones we loved to meet;
We lose the life-light of their eyes,
The hand-clasp warm and sweet.

They come not when we call them
In tones of anguish sore;
They answer not our mortal speech
From the bright farther shore.

But ah! into our darkness
He speaks—our present Friend—
"Lo! I am with you always," now,
And "even unto the end."

"Lo! I am with you always."
In days of peace and rest,
His presence and His smile of love
E'er make our joy more blest.

"Lo! I am with you always."
In evening's solemn shade
And when the night of sorrow falls,
"Tis I, be not afraid."

Yea, more, when comes that moment—
The loneliest—"the End,"
We shall not fear while He is near,
Our Saviour, Brother, Friend!

S. J. JONES.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

"MOLLIE, do you think that you could walk over to your Uncle Simon's ranche to-day, and tell him that the cattle dealers will be here to-morrow and I would be glad of his help in separating the cattle to be sold from the herds that remain?" asked a pioneer on the Dakota Prairie one morning before starting out to his herds.

And Mollie, a bright, winsome child of nine summers—undaunted by the fact that her uncle's ranche was five miles away, with only a path leading over the fresh, green prairie, and no house between—answered quickly:

"Of course I can, papa. How long can I stay to play with my cousins?"

"Your uncle will bring you home this evening; and, if you start now, you will have several hours to stay," replied the father. "I should not send you were it not positively necessary for me to go in another direction this morning, and you surely know the way."

"I know every step," she answered, earnestly.

"Take plenty of time. It is a long walk for such a little girl, but you are a pioneer's own daughter and will not mind it," he said, gazing proudly at the active little creature, who was bustling about after a clean apron and a sub-bonnet.

"Mind it? I guess not! Just think what a nice walk it will be! and such a good time afterward! Annie and I went a-fishing the last time I was there and caught a nice string of trout, and found a prairie hen's nest."

Mollie had never crossed the prairie alone, but she was perfectly familiar with the way. The path was well worn, and, with the whole day before her, it seemed easy enough. So, taking a bountiful luncheon of bread and butter with slices of cold, boiled venison, she set out gleefully.

It was in what you would call the "leafy month of June," but we call it the "grassy" month, and the little girl followed a path leading out upon the prairie over long, easy slopes, and across wide stretches of level ground covered with fresh, green grass and sprinkled all over with bright-colored flowers as far as her sharp little eyes could see. There were beds of wild-pinks very much resembling your own beautiful phlox that you tended with so much care during the summer months—only yours covered but a few feet of soil, while hers extended over acres and acres, and then gave place to vast fields of wild roses, with every shade of coloring, from deepest blush to lightest tint—with opening buds bathed in dew, their bright crimson petals contrasting beautifully with the dark green covering from which they were bursting into the glory and sunshine of a summer's morning.

Oh! if you would behold nature in all the beauty and bloom of her primitive wildness, visit the prairie in June!

(If any of our young readers will send me her name and address, I will press and send them some of these wild flowers "when the roses come again.")

Away over the blooming wilderness walked the child, her gleeful song startling the prairie fowls from their coverts as she warbled in the fullness of her happiness, now stopping to cull the brightest buds and fairest flowers, and anon standing to watch the flight of some joyous bird, as it winged its way through the cloudless sky above her head.

More than two miles of the way had been passed, when suddenly a wild goose, followed by four goslings, crossed her path.

"O you sweet, little dears!" she exclaimed, dropping her flowers and running after them excitedly; "what fine pets you will make, if I can only catch you and take you home."

The mother-goose rose upon her wings and circled round and round above her, while the little ones run hither and thither to hide in the grass, eluding her grasp and escaping every time, just as she thought she had them. But she was a persevering little body, and she followed on and on, going farther from the path, until she came to a large pond. The old goose settled upon it, and uttering a peculiar cry, called the little ones from the grass, and they plunged into the water and swam out beyond the reach of the eager little hands stretched out to take them.

She stood gazing after them with a look of disappointment for some time, then turned to retrace her steps back to the well-beaten path from which she had wandered; but she had paid no attention to the direction in which the cunning bird was leading her, and, instead of going back, she started off in a widely diverging way.

On and on she went, thinking every moment that she should find the path, but she walked mile after mile and her feet grew weary and her eyes tired of looking, but still did not find the way.

The gladsome song was hushed and the features so lately radiant with joy and happiness wore an anxious and troubled look.

"O dear!" she sighed; "it's easy enough to get out of the right path, but it is another thing to get back again."

Think, my young friends, if at any time during your lives you have wandered from the path of right and found difficulty in returning to the way that was perfectly plain and easy to follow as long as you did not forsake it or allow alluring pleasures to tempt you from it.

Mollie did not notice the beauty of the landscape now, but anxiously scanned the horizon to see if somewhere in the distance she could discern the trees which surrounded her uncle's house, but she saw only the blue sky arching over and one wide expanse of grass and flowers on every side around her.

Again she started on and walked until she grew so tired that she threw herself upon the grass and cried until she went to sleep. She slept for an hour or two, then ate her luncheon, and walked on again. At length, away in the distance, she saw some trees and went toward them as fast as her weary limbs could carry her. The sun was far down in the west when she reached it, but it

proved to be only a narrow skirting of timber around one of those lovely little lakes so often found upon the western prairies; there was no human habitation near, and Mollie cried again in her loneliness and disappointment. She began to wander about among the trees, and at length, near the roots of one which had been blown down by the wind, in a sheltered rock lined with leaves and resembling a dog's kennel, she found two little animals.

"O you dear little puppies!" she exclaimed, getting down into the den and taking the little creatures in her arms. "Some wicked person has carried you off and left you to starve; how lonely you must be away out here all alone; but I'll stay with you to-night and in the morning I'll be rested, and I'll take you home with me if I can find the way, and if I don't, papa will hunt me up to-morrow."

So she cuddled down in the den with her new-found companions, which sniffed and nestled around her in a very friendly manner; but they were not deserted puppies by any means, but young wolves, with a mother without the least intention of deserting them, for she was at that very moment out looking for something for supper.

She sat hugging the little creatures to her bosom (it seemed so good to have them with her in her loneliness) and occasionally glancing out toward the lake, when she saw something coming along the shore toward her.

"It looks like our dog, Nero," she said, shading her eyes with her hand and gazing intently as the animal came snuffing along the track by which she came. Nearer and nearer it approached, and sure enough it was their own large shepherd dog, which had gone with her father that morning to help drive the cattle.

"O you dear, darling old dog!" she said, joyfully. "you're come to show me the way home, but I can't go to-night, my feet are so tired, and we'll stay right here all night."

The dog sniffed about suspiciously, but finding that Mollie would not come away, he laid down by her side.

One by one the stars came out and twinkled brightly overhead, and every now and then she heard the splash in the water as a busy beaver or muskrat plunged into the lake, or the quack of an unfortunate duck as it uttered one cry as it was being drawn under the water by some marauding mink. It was a wild and lonely place to pass the night, and the little girl clasped her arms tightly around the neck of her shaggy protector and whispered, "O Nero! I should have been so 'fraid if you hadn't come!" But at length the tired head drooped low upon the back of her faithful friend and in spite of her strange and wild surroundings the weary child fell asleep.

Some time during the night the dog sprang up with a savage growl, and Mollie could not prevail upon him to lie down again, but round and round the spot he walked, every now and then uttering a threatening growl, but keeping close to the child all the time. After a time the little girl went to sleep with her pets again, but the faithful sentinel never for an instant relaxed his vigilance until the morning dawned, and with the first distinct light came a rifle shot, and a great gaunt wolf fell dead not twenty feet from the spot so faithfully guarded through all that long and lonely night.

The dog gave a joyful bark, and the next instant Mollie's father and uncle emerged from the bushes and stood looking in mute astonishment upon the scene before them.

A single glance at the innocent child in the den

and the father, wondering that his brother did not come, rode over to see, and together they had hunted all night long for the little wanderer who had passed the hours in this strange place.

ISADORE ROGERS.



of the savage animal affectionately clasping the young wolves in her arms, while the dog stood by, looking from her to his master with an expression of almost human intelligence, told the story plainer than words could have expressed it, and the eyes of the father filled with tears as he caressed the sagacious animal, saying:

"*You noble old soldier!* the last loaf and the last blanket shall be shared with you before you shall ever know hunger or cold."

The dog had returned from the herd, missed the child, and followed her in all her long walk,

THE RACE.

THE wind was hushed, the sky was bright,
The fields with winter snow were white,
And up among the clouds, too high
For all but sight of keenest eye,
A hungry hawk looked here and there,
With motion quick and cruel glare,
Casting his eye down to the ground,
Seeing if dinner might be found.
But not a bird, a mouse, or hare
Stole from its nest, its hole, its lair;

So, as he saw no sight but snow,
 Away he turned, homeward to go.
 "But stop! what's that? At last!" he cried.
 A timid hare he had just espied,
 By cold and hunger hardly pressed,
 Now stealing from her hidden nest
 Out toward low branches of a tree
 Where leaves to eat still chanced to be.
 The hawk, delighted, with his eyes
 Already feasted on his prize,
 Hovering a second, taking aim,
 Swift as the lightning down he came—
 And here my tale begins:
 The startled hare turns with a cry,
 The hawk then breaks his swoop to fly,
 And, in between the snow-clad trees,
 The one pursues, the other flees.
 Swift go the wings, swift go the feet;

Never before were each so fleet.
 A breathless moment pends the strife,
 To one for food, the other life.
 Which shall be victor—hawk or hare?
 Which shall be won—the meal, the lair?
 The cruel hawk! he cannot fail.
 See now! his beak has touched her tail.
 Yet, see! his victim's goal is there;
 She's reached the confines of her lair.
 One desperate plunge!—the race is done;
 By one hair's breadth the hare has won.
 The maddened hawk, with eager rush,
 Flings his full fury on the bush,
 As if he'd with its branches wage
 The warfare of his baffled rage.
 Then, echoing through the silent air,
 Arise his screams of wild despair.

The Home Circle.

EASTER BELLS.

DID you hear the Easter bells ring out their sweet music on the fragrant spring air? "Christ has risen! Christ has risen!" Oh! how beautiful it must sound in the great city, where a grand chorus of bells take up the joyful sound and repeat it to each other! Did you see the throng of worshippers on their way to the Easter service, and did your footsteps mingle with theirs, or your heart swell with grateful thanks and praise as the message of such import came to it once more? Since Christ has risen, we have the assurance that we, too, shall rise to a new and everlasting life. What day could be more worthy of glad commemoration, except the one which celebrates His birth? Let us bring flowers and twine garlands and raise our voices in joyful songs. In our little town the day was ushered in with sunshine and bird-songs and blooming flowers. As I went to the front door to look around on the Sabbath beauty, which filled all nature with its peacefulness, a voice seemed calling through the spheres: "Come unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be saved." Then there came to mind some words of a sweet, old hymn learned last winter:

"Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea."

Oh! could its tones but find an echo and response in every heart, till all could know the strength and comfort derived from resting in His love.

At the hour for morning service we wended our way to the little church, where for so many years this festival has been kept with each recurring season by a little band of loving hearts, whose thoughts have been carried into work as well as worship. Outside, the old-fashioned building looked plain and uninviting, but stepping within, a scene of beauty met the eye.

The chancel-rail and the arch above it were hung with garlands of green. A tall wax plant stood on either side of the chancel-steps, with pots of geraniums, verbenas, and petunias clustered around them—all in bloom. Two stately callas lifted their pure, white faces from amid broad,

green leaves in the front and delicate vines drooped over its sides, reaching to the floor. In the middle of the large cross—formed of dark, shining magnolia leaves—which stood behind the altar was a very small one made of white flowers, with one crimson blossom in the centre, like a drop of blood at its heart. On the altar were large vases of white and pale-tinted flowers, and in front of them the elements for the Sacred Feast we were called to partake of.

The presence of our venerable Bishop on this occasion added to the rejoicing. As he entered the chancel, followed by the minister, the voices of the choir rose in that grand anthem, "How Beautiful Upon the Mountains." The notes of the organ swelled and throbbed in rich accompaniment, and died away at last, leaving a solemn hush.

Then the deep voice of the Bishop broke the stillness with the words: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

After the moments of silence which followed, the minister read the solemn service of morning prayer.

Then came the Bishop's sermon, delivered in his peculiarly impressive style, which finds its way straight to the hearts of his hearers. "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen." This was the text from which he drew lessons of hope and comfort for our acceptance, bidding us turn from the contemplation of the grave, where our loved ones have been laid, to the beautiful world where they are enjoying a higher and more perfect state of existence than they could ever know here. Then, at the close of the discourse, enjoining it upon us to bury our sins and faults and rise to newness of life, following where Christ has led the way to join those who have already gone to dwell in those "many mansions."

All through the rest of the day his words echoed in my thoughts, leading them away from the cares and sorrows of this world to the bliss of the one beyond and bringing a feeling of deep thankfulness for those dear ones who have reached

that blessed haven of rest and are free forever from earthly trials.

On the evening of the following day the children of the Sunday-school society, which always meets at our house, gathered for a little social entertainment. Mollie and Madge, who are two of the teachers, were busy all the afternoon in decorating the parlor and arranging little things for them, assisted by Lizzie and myself. The pictures and brackets were hung with evergreens and vines, and we arranged our prettiest Easter and Christmas cards in conspicuous places. On the table stood two vases filled with white lilacs, Easter flowers, and arbor-vite, and in front of them was a large work-basket filled with Easter eggs—some colored with bright dyes, others ornamented with gilt paper, and a few with pretty little designs in hand-painting, the work of one of the teachers who has some talent in that line. Soon after dark the room was filled with a merry company of all ages, the teachers and many of the parents coming with the children. The eggs had been prepared as a little surprise, and it was a pleasure to see the delight with which they received them. Some had never had an Easter egg before, nor heard anything about the origin or meaning of the custom, and it was explained to many an interested listener.

When the distribution and comments were over, there was still a little flutter among the younger children—a restlessness, as if in expectation of something further, and a group of excited faces watched the door as it opened a little later, and the minister and his wife walked in. Soon as his greetings were given, two of the larger girls came forward and presented him, in the name of the Sunday-school, with a handsome new surplice, and his wife with a beautiful zephyr shawl. Both had been made by the society from materials procured with their earnings, and they had kept it all as a great secret through these many weeks to make it a delightful surprise on this occasion. The minister was deeply touched at this mark of consideration and affection from the little ones of his flock and expressed his thanks in a few beautiful words.

After this was over, the rest of the short evening was devoted to music. A couple of fine instrumental pieces were played by a good performer on Jessie's new piano, her recent birthday gift. Some beautiful songs, followed by a quartette of voices, then the children sang two of their prettiest Sunday-school hymns, and the company dispersed. We stood in the door-way watching them as they went their different ways, until their voices died in the distance and only the quiet stars looked down on the beautiful, silent world around us as we said good-night and went to our rest.

LICHEN.

POKING AROUND.

I WAS glad yesterday when father came into the sitting-room and said:

"Pipsey, I'm going down to the mill. Don't you want to go 'long? You've been stickin' here at your work till you look like a frizzled old owl; more white showin' in your eyes—lots—than there is gray."

Yes, I was glad to go—only I stipulated that he would allow me to take Ida's little girls with me.

I said Kitty could sit between us, and Grace in my lap.

He was willing. We drove Humbug. She is nearly twenty years old, plump as a duck, and wriggles along with steps as mincing as the gait of a new little school-mistress. The ride was enjoyable. The air was so sweet and fresh, and held in it the wonderful promise of the springtime. The prattle of the babies was delightful as we rode along, while the Deacon hummed "David's Lamentation," the jolting jerking the melody into discord. We talked to the babies. We asked Kitty whose little girl she was, and she responded, "Auntie's," at the same time slipping her little rose-leaf of a hand into ours. Grace belonged to Auntie, too. And then we inquired what they meant to do when they were grown girls. Kitty would "wipe dishes, pick up chips, take good care of brother, put salt and pepper on the table, and work for little mamma-Ida."

Grace, only two years old, whose fragmentary speech no one outside the family circle could understand, twisted her mouth and hands, crossed one red-stockinged leg over the other, moved her head sidewise, and after great effort whooped out her preference and her purpose in the one precious little word, "write." Yes, Grace was going to write. The very little woman had her aim and predilection—authorship. Like many others, Grace will learn that it cannot be hers by choice. If authorship, it will come to her; she cannot go to it.

Near the creek where we played in our young childhood we got out of the buggy and "visited." We told the babies that a great while ago, when Auntie was a little girl, she used to play there; used to go to the spring for water for grandma, but now the mill-race ran right over the pretty spring and covered it up and it was all gone! And there, under the trees, where the birds' nests hung dangling and swinging and getting full of snow in the cold winter time, was where little Auntie gathered shells and washed them and had heaps of pretty mosses piled up in her play-house under the bank, just like mamma piled up the quilts and blankets in the closet.

And then we flew at the open-faced babies and kissed them again and again, just because they were so beautiful and such attentive listeners! All through our talk did little Gracie's responses of "aye, aye, aye," come thick as commas from her sweet, moist, red lips.

It was a restful visit that we had with the babies. We wandered over the old place: sacred it was! We lingered long "where once a garden smiled;" located the out-door oven, the pear-tree, the sprawling quince-tree, the gate-way, with the quaint old arch above it, that reminded one of the pictures of colonial days; the cellar, where the dear grandma kept the delicious fruit-butter; the barn, where we went to church once and tended the babies in the hay-mow—a jolly, frolicsome tending it was, too!

When the Deacon came along with the grist and stopped and hallooed at the race-bridge, we snugged the babies down at his feet, kissed them good-bye, told them when 'Bug trotted and they jolted they must hold fast to the tail of their grandpa's overcoat, and they drove off, waving their baby adieus with their tiny, fluttering hands, the sweetest lands in all the word to us.

Then we "poked around." It was lonely and mournful at the "old place," with no one to talk to and no one to listen to our moralizing and old-time stories, so we turned away with these cherished memories tugging at our heart most persistently.

We met with a streak of good luck. 'Manda Belden lives in the cottage that was her mother's at the turn of the road. Her whole front-porch is clambered over with ivy, and we never passed the house without admiring the network of living green in the summer, and in the autumn the bronze and scarlet and red of the beautiful embroidery of vines.

We sat awhile with 'Manda, and, as father said when we reached home, "it paid." That woman knows a little of everything. How good it is to help each other! I said: "Pretty soon your porch will be all out-doors again. Oh! I just envy you this lovely nook! Why, it's like living in an arbor in the warm weather, but I would not dare to have ivy so near our house. I get poisoned so easily."

And then 'Manda caught us by the hand, with "Why, Miss Potts! I'm surprised a woman who writes for the papers don't know any more about ivy than that! This is not poison. Every leaf is as safe to handle as the leaves of a full-blown rose. It grows just down below the mill by a pile of old elm-stumps, and if you want I'll go with you as soon as the weather settles a little more and help you transplant some roots. You could make a charming summer-house of your south stoop. Read it up when you go home and satisfy yourself, then come down the first fine day and we'll go together."

I was delighted. 'Manda explained and told me how to tell the poison from the other, and when I referred to the books I learned that the five-lobed ivy is the beautiful kind to transplant to our homes, while the three-lobed leaf is the poison ivy so much dreaded and feared; or, as the Deacon designates it, the "five-fingered" and the "three-fingered" ivies.

And just here, although we have told it over and over, let those who fall victims to this troublesome vine remember our remedy for *ivy-poison*. It is safe and sure and within reach of all. Take one cent's worth of sugar of lead and put it into about two-thirds of a teacup of sweet milk. Let it dissolve on the back part of the stove, and then with a very soft bit of white linen or cotton rag apply to the poison. Sometimes three applications will kill it. If it is very bad, make the solution stronger, which you can determine by touching to the tip of the tongue: let it be astringent. Apply hot. If the poison is nearing the eyes, use the wet rag often. In a case of this kind we have laid the wet rag on the face and kept it on awhile. This is a positive cure, safe and painless, and prevents the terrible burning fever of the third day and dries up the cutaneous eruption without the usual tedious time. We hope this will not be read and forgotten.

While we sat talking to 'Manda her little sister was washing dishes. She was only ten years old, an orphan child, whom 'Manda was instructing in the arts and tricks of good housekeeping.

Suddenly 'Manda hailed out more forcibly than was really fine-lady like: "Hold! hold! you Claribelle. That'll never do, child; putting gilt-banded chany right into hot water! You'll have

the gold gildin' off in less'n a week, so you will."

Now, we had wondered many a time why the Deacon's nice *china cup and saucer* lost its gold band in such a little while, but not for the world would we let 'Manda Belden, the poor, untaught daughter of "old Uncle Steve Belden," as he was called, teach us this new thing. We smiled knowingly and nodded a "Yes, indeed!" when she said: "Hot dish-water or hot soap-suds was the ruination of nice chanyware."

No; we never knew it, and we wondered if other women knew this. It is a little thing, and yet, putting this and that together, any one might have known what the result would be.

'Manda said: "I want to teach Sis to do everything right. She will be obliged to make her own living, and a good girl can command better wages and have the good-will and confidence of her mistress."

Just here a buggy halted at the gate, a woman alighted, and the man drove on, saying: "It will take me about two hours to go down there and back again. You must be ready to get right in as soon as I come back, for I have to go over to Maddigan's yet this evening."

She came tripping up the steps, leaving a bundle outside of the door. When her big sun-bonnet was taken off, who should it be but Cassie Bowman—she that was Cassie Oliver before her marriage. We always liked her. She is a good manager and would make a living where many another woman would almost suffer.

"I thought I would get out a bit to-day," she said; "one gets tired not seeing other women once in a while. By your leave, ladies," and here she took a little roll of something out of her pocket, put on her thimble, threaded her needle, and improved the time. "I don't like such work very well, but I can do it while we chat," and she smoothed out a pair of black *kid gloves* and began to mend them. She made nice work of it. Instead of sewing up the tear or rip with the over-and-over stitch, the common way, and a way that soon tears out again, she worked a buttonhole stitch—a loose one—all along the two edges of the rent with a fine needle and good silk thread. This gave her a sure foundation to work on. Then she caught the two edges together with a back-and-forth stitch or another loose buttonhole stitch. With anything like careful usage the gloves will wear as well as new ones. But it pays to buy good gloves to begin with.

After the dishes were washed little Bell took some hard soap and hot water and began to wash her face, neck, arms, and hands, splashing around like an awkward swimmer. Cassie observed the girl and softly said, "If I had as pretty a complexion as you have, just now, in the spring, when the *winds tan and freckle*, I would take very good care of it. I would not let a mite of suds touch my face, child."

"Don't spoil her, Cassie," said 'Manda. "You'll make her proud. I always tell her that 'handsome is that handsome does.' I do so dislike a proud little minx with her mouth puckered with 'prisms and prunes,' always trying lotions and washes and wearing a heavy sun-bonnet, and denying herself the pleasure of sunshine and breezes and the freedom of the fields and woods."

"I do, too," was the reply. "But the use of

soap in washing one's face and neck is not called for in the summer time or the early spring, when that ugly, brassy, yellow, glistening appearance is sure to follow. I only meant for her to learn the better way. A girl will not tan readily if she's only a little careful of herself.

"You know I attended the Seminary one term. I meant to graduate, but I was engaged to Elmer before, and when his mother died that changed all our plans and I came home and married him and went right on the farm and settled down to farm-life. But I learned so many things while at the Seminary that will do me good as long as I live, and this was one of them—not to wash my face immediately before going out. Miss Peabody told us that there was nothing better or more cleansing than to wash in water as hot as could be borne in which had been dissolved a little lump of soda, and to do it at night before going to bed. Wash with a soft towel and then rinse in clear, hot water. If one's complexion is rough, bran water is the most softening wash known. Put a handful of wheat-bran in a rag, dip in tepid water, and wash with it. The skin will soon become soft as satin. She never permitted any of the girls to use any cosmetic whatever. If the face was shiny after washing we rubbed it with a dry towel. We used borax and warm water for removing dandruff and keeping the hair clean, for bad breath, and to wash about our windows where the plants grew, and about the stove, and for many purposes."

While we sat there talking, 'Manda, Cassie, and I, there was a look from Bell to her sister that we understood very well. It said, "May I?" and 'Manda, by face and eye responded, "You may try it."

Strange how we women will learn to affirm or deny, approve or condemn, with never a spoken word, and another woman will read it in our faces. Men don't do such things. They cannot.

So the little girl put on a wide apron, arranged the bread-board, and, in her awkward, little-womanly way, made preparations to mold the loaves ready for rising the last time. She was so willing, the poor little creature!

"Make them in the pie-tins, Sis," said 'Manda, "there will be nobody here this week but us three, and little 'baby loaves' are better and easier made, too. Save out a bit of the dough for rolls; you know George is fond of rolls."

This was all spoken low, but we heard it, and then the conversation turned on bread. We couldn't help saying that we did wonder why people would make those great bulging loaves—good as they could be—but lacking the fine, sweet, nutty flavor of the little pie-pan loaf, or of the bread baked in pans which are the size of a brick. Such loaves are preferable to any other. And then we spoke of the French loaves at the Centennial, almost a yard long and no thicker than one's wrist. They were delicious, and the charm lay in the size. Cassie had been making bread from the old *milk-yeast* plan that her husband's mother had always used. She often made it "just for a change" and to please him. It is good if eaten before the loaves become dry. We had quite forgotten the formula and wrote it down, intending to surprise the Deacon some of these days.

Pour a pint of boiling water into a cupful of new milk in an earthen jar. When it is cool

enough not to scald the flour put in a pinch of salt and thicken with flour into a thick batter. Stand in a place where the heat will be uniform, and in six hours it will have fermented. Mix into a soft, smooth dough with flour and warm milk and water, and mold into loaves; when light bake with gentle heat. This makes a very fine-grained bread—delicious, nutritious, and easily digested.

Then we all talked bread and biscuit and rolls and butter, and we, Pipey, were delighted with the new things we learned from the women. But we thought, "This will never buy the child a frock," and were putting on our gloves preparatory to starting homeward when Cassie's husband drove up to the gate.

Poor fellow! in helping a man drive his cattle into a field he had been thrown against the bars and had received a cut on one side of his face and on one hand. He was well patched up with strips of muslin. He had been his own doctor. He had ordered the glue-pot put on the stove, and, after the cuts were washed clean, strips of old linen had been spread with glue and applied. All pain ceased from the moment of the application, and he said the wounds would heal in a little while, and as fast as they got well the linen would be cut away with the scissors. For abrasions there is no healing application that can compare with glue. We had always applied glue or *mucilage* to a burn and found it excellent.

As we passed out from the porch we did wonder what was in the bundle Cassie had left standing there. Well, it was something; Cassie never did aimless things.

We came home up the country lane that we had always loved to linger in. Its tangled fence corners were as full of pretty things as ever were any grandmother's scrap-bag or old-fashioned trunk in the attic. We like old fence rows—on other folks' farms—when we set out to gather things for winter bouquets, for crystallizing, and for pressing. We came across lots to Ida's. We had not seen the babies for three hours. They gave us such a reception as Paddy and Micky give to Teddy when he comes to America. The first word Kitty said was, "What does 'presume' mean, Auntie?" And Auntie said it meant, "I believe," "I think," and could be used instead of those words.

Our call was not very pleasant, for Ida's husband came in from the foundry black as a chimney sweep, and snaked the baby-boy out of the crib and began the usual performance, which was free. The baby was a little over three months old, dressed in white, a pretty toy, but soft and white as a worm out of a chestnut. The first thing he did was to kiss him under the chin with "Boo-hoo! rowdy-dowdy! rowdy-dowdy!" and then toss him up with "Hity tity! hity tity!" then kissing him on both cheeks right and left, with "See here! see here! see, see, see!" then tickling him in the sides like a pup would worry a yarn mitten, with "Teety-teety! teety-teety!" then he rolled him over with "There he goes! there he goes!" then he took him by the feet, swaddled up in his long, white skirts, and hung him head downward, with "Ah, old feller! old feller! old feller!" then he sat the limp lump in one hand, clutched tightly, and held it away above his head, giving the dazed object a

good knock on the ceiling, which he took as belonging to this life and "the way of the world." The baby made a face and cried, and the father said, "There! there! there!" and pressed the little nose flat against his bosom, with a racking song of "Didly-dum, didly-dum; reety-teety, bah-ah-ah, wah-ah-ah."

The performance was nothing new. We rose to go home. Kitty clutched us, saying, "Do stay all winter and play with Gracie and me!"

Next week we are going to stock the aquarium. We want every woman who has not this pleasant source of enjoyment to get one, too, especially if there are children in her family. While we write, the bright, unwinking eye of "old Bobby" in the aquarium on the window-sill follows our hand. He is a creek fish, over two years old, and we have taught him to come up and be fed by tinkling on the glass. How beautiful he is! How graceful the fan-like wave of his fins in the pure water!

PISEY POTTS.

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS.

"GATHER up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

What wide meaning is contained in the few simple words of this sentence, which would seem at the first glance to relate only to some scraps of material food left on the ground and considered, perhaps, by those standing by as comparatively worthless.

Our Lord made use of this opportunity to endeavor to teach by them a great lesson to all who can imbibe the whole spirit of His words. There was no real necessity for saving these broken morsels and carrying them a long distance for their future meal, for He could just as easily have created more at the needful hour by another miracle. But He wished to teach His disciples that nothing which is good or useful, either for our material or spiritual welfare, should be wasted or carelessly thrown aside.

And if we applied this teaching to our daily lives, how much more complete and satisfactory they would be in the end!

We might gather up the fragments of spiritual food which are scattered here and there along our pathway—sometimes just a sentence in a book or paper which catches the eye in passing; sometimes the words of a friend which may be just what we needed; sometimes a morsel gained from the sorrows or joys of others, and find in them nourishment to enrich or strengthen the soul.

We could gather up the fragments of precious time, which so often goes to waste, and, weaving them in here and there, make of them something of moment which would benefit us. Not that we should work all the time, by any means, if it is not absolutely necessary, but so employ the moments when we should be at work that they may all turn to profit, and we shall find more leisure to spend in recreation and enjoy with an easy conscience and freedom of spirit. Loitering about one's daily avocations when able to go through them without real fatigue, putting off what should be done promptly to stop a few minutes for this or that little bit of diversion and imagined rest, is not real resting and often deprives one of the time needed for rest and enjoyment. For these

little wasted moments count up so much when all gathered together, and nursing them, we feel as if we had no time for recreation or going out for a walk or visit, and that we are too hard worked, when, perhaps, the whole trouble is that minutes have been carelessly lost in many places which would have given a free, unoccupied hour for whatever we liked to do.

We could gather up many little fragments of happiness along the wayside when our life-journey, as a whole, may not have any great happiness or brightness in it. Tokens of the love of friends, far or near, the affection of a little child, the gratitude of some one for whom we have done a kind act, even the pleasure of a bright, enjoyable day, an evening of delightful music, and many other little pleasant things which are trifles in themselves, but which can come to the most of us if we seek them—all these could be gathered up to make the way more cheerful.

We may gather up the innumerable fragments of beauty that are all around us if we but have appreciative eyes to behold them. The simple flowers that bloom on every hand without expense and with little care; the birds that sing on every tree; the beauty of sky and field, of wood and river, which are such continual sources of admiration and enjoyment to so many; the glorious cloud-paintings which those may possess who cannot hang real pictures upon their walls; the beauty of loving looks and smiles that we may call out upon the faces of those around us.

Oh! let us gather up the fragments of good and of beauty wherever they are to be found and garner them in the soul, to nourish and strengthen and beautify until, when the Master comes to see what use we have made of His gifts, He will find that little has been lost.

EDNA.

PREPARING FOR COLLEGE.

DEAR FRIEND OF THE HOME CIRCLE:—I have just read the article in the November number of the HOME MAGAZINE with the above title, and I must answer, not for myself alone, but for hundreds of others whom you have left in the same predicament. No doubt, dear friend, you felt when the article was finished and sent to the office that you had really encouraged a great many young ladies to go on to the extent of their ambitions, and perhaps you have. It is not for me to say. But as for me and the class of girls to which I belong, you have discouraged us more than you know, and we may as well give up now as any time. I refer to the question of expense. We are prepared in advance for the rest.

You say, teach and save your salary. Let us calculate a little. A teacher in the country towns of Massachusetts usually saves about three dollars per week after payment of board. In the cities the expenses are greater and the work correspondingly harder. For a school year of nine months we shall save one hundred and eight dollars then. Now, allowing eighteen dollars for clothing, personal expenses, etc. (you who talk of jewelry and silk dresses know how small a margin that is), it will take just twenty-five years to get the two thousand dollars you speak of. I have not mentioned bank interest at four per cent., because the average American teacher pays at least that to

the doctors. Ask a teacher at the end of a school year if she would like to spend the next twenty-five years of her life in that work, and she will probably tell you that if she survives so long she will be ready to go to the Old Ladies' Home and live on nerve tonics the rest of her days. Of course, thoroughly educated teachers can command higher prices, but we were not speaking of them. I like teaching very much indeed; but I never expect to make two thousand dollars in the business.

As for going to the seashore or the mountains, we know of no places where we can get wages which would pay us for the work we should have to do. We are not afraid of work. Don't misunderstand me there. But unless it will pay pretty well we don't want to give up our much-needed rest-time of vacation.

How can we paint or teach music until we have first spent money for education in those things?

As for writing, it has a very happy effect in story-books for a young girl to "dash off" a poem or a story and receive a check for a snug sum in return. But in real life it is oftener "returned with thanks" in a way to materially lessen the author's conceit. We consider that person something of a genius who can change her thoughts into money without being first educated to it, and not every one who hungers for an education is a genius.

"What woman ever yet found it impossible to get a gold watch, a diamond ring, or a trip to Europe, once she had set her heart on having it?" you say. But I beg leave to say that I think your position is entirely untenable. There are multitudes who would answer "I." Diamond rings and trips to Europe are as impossible to the class I represent as anything can be. Yet I am sure we should have as keen an appreciation of the benefits of a college course as any of our more favored sisters. You discourage our receiving assistance, and when you meant to show us a way you have seemed to hedge it up.

What shall we do? Is there no way out of the difficulty?

I believe there is, and I would bid those who, like me, were ready to despair after reading the article to "have faith and struggle on."

In the first place, we must try to get along without the two thousand dollars. Are there not seminaries of learning scattered throughout the land which, although the curriculum may not take in the studies of so advanced an order, are quite as noted for broad, Christian culture and refinement as any you have mentioned? Mt. Holyoke Seminary, "whose daughters, polished after the similitude of a palace," are exerting their influence in this country and on missionary ground, is one of these, and there are many others founded on the same plan. The expense at Mt. Holyoke, including board, tuition, lights, steam-heating, and lectures, is one hundred and seventy-five dollars per year.

In the second place, I think we should not be too proud or independent to take a scholarship or receive aid. These things are provided for just such cases as ours, and we should "take the goods the gods provide us" with thankfulness of heart. Of course, we don't want to throw ourselves on charity's shoulders and be "carried through the sky on flowery beds of ease." But after we have scraped and economized and worn one dress the year round and "gone without," as so many do, till our friends are reminded of Diogenes and his tub, and still the way is not clear to us; then—if we have enough native talent to pay for educating it—we will still persevere. And if there be a fund to help us we will gratefully accept of it and thank Heaven. Moreover, let us not be ashamed to deny ourselves in dress or other matters. No one whose opinion is worth having will think the less of us for it.

Let us have this thought to cheer us on—that if God, who planned our lives from the beginning, designed us to serve Him in college walls or with a college education, He will make it possible for us. He will set before us "an open door, and no man shall shut it." Let us trust in God and watch our opportunities.

HYLA.

Housekeepers' Department.

A WORD FOR LOU.

OUR Lou gets up such delicacies in the line of "pies 'n' things," I think it's about time she found her way either into the Home Circle or the Housekeepers' Department of our invaluable MAGAZINE. Cook-books are well enough in their place, but after all, nothing equals tested recipes—something tried, known to be true and toothsome, too.

Her pumpkin-pies are exceedingly plain, yet considered first-class by those who never tolerate liquor in anything of this sort. Said a young mother to me as her son, after obtaining her consent, ran down-stairs to help himself:

"Tom's just crazy for pumpkin-pie. I put brandy in mine. Do you?"

I could have cried over that beautiful boy when I thought how the mother-hand was sowing seeds

of debauchery in the young life that should have been so guarded.

Lou never runs a fork "permiscuous-like" through the slices while stewing. Sticking makes them watery, she says. She also says it takes about the same time for pumpkin as for potatoes. When she concludes they are done she tries one big piece. If that is in a satisfactory condition, she knows the remainder are. To each pumpkin she allows one quart of milk and four eggs. Then sugar and spices in conformity with the family's "sweet-tooth."

With the following ingredients she concocts a cake so cheap and plain, yet so delicious most people mistake it for something richer:

Two tumblers of sieved flour and three teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder mixed. Add one tumbler of water, two tumblers of light-brown sugar, and three eggs. Also, if agreeable, a

sprinkle of dried currants or raisins. Mix well and bake in a moderate oven.

Sometimes, you know, visitors drop in unexpectedly when the bread is short and there's no time for kneading biscuit. In such a dilemma a city mistress can send out and supply deficiencies; not so the rural or semi-rural dame.

To this latter class I recommend Lou's egg-loaf. "Thereby hangs a tale." Once upon a time when we expected several friends to tea, among them Rev. Somebody Something, a widower, Lou suggested making one of these celebrated loaves as a send-off for the bread.

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men"—women, too—and we, being none too wise and none too busy, in the midst of our preparations got up a bit of a joke at this gentleman's expense. He being but recently returned from—well, say Borioboola Gha's mission-field—we dubbed him "the heathen," and announced privately that he wouldn't know the difference between an egg-loaf and hard-tack. Or, accepting him in his missionary character, Lou and I declared he should renounce the one and prefer the other.

Having purchased some cocoanut-candy for "our children" exclusively, imagine our chagrin when, accepting their innocent invitation to help himself, the heathen did so liberally. Yea, and enjoyed the feast hugely, too.

"What do you call this?" he inquired, serenely, poising a "hunk" between his thumb and finger previous to dropping it into his mouth.

You may rest assured Lou and I laughed all over inside as we answered first one question, then another, in regard to the goodies he found so delicious and developed such an enormous appetite for.

As for the "eggs loaf," as he termed it, he proved himself heathenish enough to remain prostrate at its shrine during the entire meal.

Now for the recipe.

The following ingredients made up and baked are considered sufficient for four persons. Double the dose if more is to be provided for, especially if one is a heathen: One pint of sieved flour, three teaspoonfuls of Royal Baking Powder, and a teaspoonful of salt. Mix these. Then rub half a cupful of either lard or butter through the flour. Next add a cup of milk; lastly, three well-beaten eggs. Bake immediately in a hot oven. This should be done in half an hour, but if your oven is slow it will take longer. If eggs are scarce or high, add a tiny drop more milk.

This is all of Lou's tried recipes I mean to give at present. Now a word from myself. You have put raisins and currants in rice, of course. Try cranberries for a change. They are delicious.

How often do we hear on baking-day the frantic cry: "Where is my holder?" Failing in her hurried search for that indispensable article, Mrs. Housekeeper grabs her apron-corners, always a dangerous and most unsatisfactory substitute. Make two large holders for baking-day use solely; tie one on each side of your apron-belt at the outstart, and there they are, ready to your hand. Another hint: Put a piece of leather—a bit of an old boot-leg will answer—inside your iron-holder. I have tried this and know it prevents the hands from swelling and blistering. Do make your work easy, if you can, Mrs. Housekeeper.

MADGE CARROL.

RECIPES.

GERMAN FRITTERS.—Cut in slices about an inch in thickness a stale loaf of bread, beat four eggs very light, add three large spoonfuls of sugar, a little grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, pour in one quart of new milk, stir all well together; remove the crust from the sides of the bread, cut the slices in half and lay them in a deep dish; on them pour the prepared eggs and milk, let the slices absorb all the custard; butter a clean pan and when hot lay in carefully the slices of prepared bread, brown both sides; when cooked lay them on a hot dish and sift over them powdered sugar and ground cinnamon. Serve hot.

VANILLA CUSTARD.—Put a quart of milk in a custard kettle and boil. Add a teaspoonful of butter. When the butter is melted the milk is sufficiently hot. Have ready four eggs beaten with sugar, a tablespoonful for each egg. Add the vanilla to the eggs and mix thoroughly and quickly, as the flavoring is apt to curdle hot milk. Take the milk from the fire; then pour the eggs gradually into the milk, stirring all the time. When well mixed, pour into cups or in a baking-dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake twenty minutes. When the custard seems firm it is sufficiently baked. If the custard is allowed to boil or bubble up while in the oven, it will be watery.

BUCKWHEAT SHORT CAKES.—To two cups of sour milk allow one large teaspoonful of soda; dissolve this in a little hot water, then stir it in the milk; half a teaspoonful of salt is required, and enough buckwheat flour to make a stiff batter. Put this in a well-buttered tin and bake for half an hour in a hot oven. Serve while warm.

TURNIP STEAKS.—The *Hartford Courant* gives the following recipe: "Rounds" of turnip are easy for the cook who loves to fry things and will boil turnips whole and leave them to cool. A sweet turnip develops more sweetness in its quickly brown crust by frying. The pearly white of the White Egg or the orange-yellow of the Yellow Globe, or any good, firm, tender-fleshed Swede, makes a beautiful as well as palatable breakfast dish, with or without pork, beef, or mutton. We never see turnip fries at the restaurants, but that is no reason why we never should. What we don't see and want we must ask for. A rasher or steak of turnip should be cut about three-eighths of an inch thick for the griddle. Any great and permanent good requires a little effort to bring it to pass.

RICE WAFFLES.—Beat three eggs very light; stir into them two cups of flour, adding gradually a quart of boiled milk, cooling it before using, then add a pint of cold soft-boiled rice, with a tablespoonful of butter stirred in while the rice is hot, half a teaspoonful of salt, and half a cup of good yeast. Set the batter in a warm place five or six hours to rise.

HOMINY CAKES.—Boil two cups of fine hominy very soft, stir in a tablespoonful of butter, and salt to taste; add an equal quantity of corn-meal and three well-beaten eggs; beat well together; add a sufficient quantity of milk to make a thin batter. Bake on a griddle or in waffle-irons. One quarter of a compressed yeast-cake makes a good substitute for eggs. Let the batter stand an hour to rise.

Art Needlework.

NEEDLEWORK NOVELTIES.

WE take from the *Art Amateur* the following descriptions of some beautiful pieces of needlework exhibited at the rooms of the New York Decorative Art Society. Many of them are from South Kensington, and others are from designs made by our own artists. One of the most luxurious pieces is a **piano-cover** of white cloth, with a border by William Morris, about five inches wide, ornamented with conventionalized poppies in tones of purple and violet. The flowers are given in full front view with their prominent seed vessels, and again in perspective. In every flower there is a new disposition of the tints, giving that constant change so agreeable in any large work. The foliage is skillfully arranged to make a scroll-like ornament between the intervening flowers. The embroidery is done in silks, and is nothing more than any skillful needlewoman could accomplish; of course, an artistic eye is required to arrange the colors.

A dark-red plush **scarf table-cover** has a border of Damascus red plush. On this are applied patches of the palest pink and blue, the two meeting in irregular lines. Over this is a luxurious ornament of open flowers, resembling the morning-glory. These are embroidered in pale salmon pink, warm blues and faint greens running over the three plushes and giving a fine, mosaic-like effect.

Gold is used on almost everything, chiefly in the centres and as outlines, which are always couched down, two threads of the gold being generally taken together. For **sofa cushions** Chinese fret-patterns are made, with gold couplings covering the surface, but leaving spaces in which a single flower is embroidered. For example, a rich, moderately light olive is used for the cushion, some single-petaled flowers in pale yellow silk in the spaces.

A **scarf table-cover** of a yellow pink satin, much used in decorative work, has a solid close embroidery in silver thread outlined with gold. In the centres of the silver embroidered ornament pale blue and pink silks are introduced, giving charming variety to the color, which is exceedingly delicate throughout.

A striking design is seen on two **screens** at the Decorative Art Society, and the manner in which it is worked out is of even more importance. The handsomeness of these screens in material has for a ground a peculiarly soft olive satin. On the two outer leaves the design is a large, conventionalized plant, having crimson flowers with overlapping petals and prominent leaves. All the lines of the flowers are worked out with short, slightly slanting stitches, which are deep red toward the stem and lighter at the top, following out the natural laws of light and shade. This, however, serves practically only as an outline, which is further marked by a line of gold couching on the outside; the leaves and stems are in brown and olive, and are carried out in the same way; the stems, however, are solid Kensington work. The centre panel has a daisy-like flower and foliage conceived in what may be called an heroic style, and finely drawn. All the tints are lighter here, the olives of the foliage being more yellow brown and the flowers quite light cream white, each petal outlined with gold.

The corresponding screen is on green felt, and the embroidery is done in crewels. This decoration is to be commended as bold and effective, without requiring much work.

A new method of using the **darned stitch** is shown on a piece of white satin sheeting. The design is a bold flower and foliage, not the sunflower, but as large and striking. This is outlined in buttonhole stitch with yellow silk. The ground is then darned over with dull red filloelle, the stitches having a slight slant and completely covering the ground; this gives to the ornament its relief.

Outline stitch is still used. A piece of the same satin sheeting, whose cream tint is very agreeable, has a border in a striking design of wheels signifying flowers, and leaves in which regular veins are outlined, all in the stiffest manner, but with quaint effect in dark-blue silks. This can be repeated in any of the art shades, and makes an interesting ornament at comparatively little cost.

In **work on linen** there are some beautiful designs by William Morris. One is a buffet-cover with drawn work, finished with Smyrna lace. The ornament is a beautiful mass of curving lines, suggesting foliage filled in with pale silks of spring-like greens in Kensington stitch.

Other pieces show a revival of **old Dutch work**. The designs are usually in figures, these being humorous and grotesque. The work is heavier than outline stitch, buttonhole being used, and the solid over-and-over work. Other con-

ventional designs have the ornament marked out in two lines. The centres are filled with over-and-over stitch, sometimes a quarter of an inch broad, in yellow, pink, and blue cottons, also warranted to wash, and these are outlined with a slender line of deep blue or pink always of the contrasting color.

In Russia a **much-embroidered towel** is used to hang in front of the towels in ordinary use. For this purpose one has been made with a design of stiff scrolls and geometrical figures, outlined by running stitches in colored washing cotton. The ground between the patterns is then entirely covered by a spaced cross-stitch in contrasting tints. The effect is produced by leaving two threads of canvas between every cross, and filling them up in the following row. The towel is finished by an edge of drawn work and a fringe of long tassels knotted from the loose strands of the raveled stuff.

For a **chair-back**, use toile Colbert in a soft-gray shade, with a border of drawn work. Around the edge work a border of heraldic animals in cross-stitch of one-colored silk—either blue, brown, or ruby-red. This idea may be amplified into a table-cover, with excellent results.

It is now quite a matter of fashion to find upon a lady's work-table a series of dainty piles of **breakfast and dinner napkins**, or serviettes for lunch, awaiting a monogram or crest in embroidery from the hand of the fair owner. Dozens of more homely hand-towels have been more than once seen of late in the same unwanted spot. It is a satisfaction to observe this practical turn of the decorative-embroidery mania. There is probably no housewife who is proof against the charm of neatly folded napers, shining with the subdued lustre of its own quality, not with the vulgar gloss of starch. But in our country, and in our generation, there are few who can boast of leaving their own sign-manual in the way of fine needlework marking upon such treasures.

To mark **ordinary hand-towels** one can make for oneself a stencil of card-board, pricking on it an outline of the initials previously drawn in ink or pencil. Through the holes thus made rub with a spoon-end covered with chamol-silk—either red, blue, or black powder; indigo from the laundry will serve, or charcoal, powdered. This leaves an outline of the letters, which it is well to secure upon the spot by going over them with pen and ink. Thus, having dispensed with the services of the stamping shop, you are independent enough to complete the task. Work the letters with fine stem-stitch in blue or red Ingrain cotton, and if you wish to elaborate them, fill in with French knots. To mark in cross-stitch, it is easiest to work over canvas, afterward withdrawing the threads. It is effective to work the upper portion of the fringe with the same colored cotton.

The **cover for a duchesse dressing-table**, with toilet mats to match, is made of fern oatmeal cloth, embroidered with Russian traceries of blue and red cotton, and trimmed with red and blue Russian lace. The bed-cover in the same room is worked to match, having the advantage of washing well.

A **decided novelty** is the adoption of **blankets** into the world of decoration. We in America know well the effect that may be produced by one of those softly dyed, fine-webbed Navajo blankets brought by travelers from the far West, when thrown across a sober-hued couch. But in default of these it is possible to have a blanket dyed of any tint that may be selected and to superadd embroidery in silk and crewel that will make of it a most luxurious lounge-covering. A carriage-rug was made of a blanket dyed dark blue, bound with darker blue velvet, and worked with sunflowers in outline. A portiere of deep Burgundy-red blanket was framed and banded with plush of a darker shade of red and decorated with a conventional band of old gold crewel work.

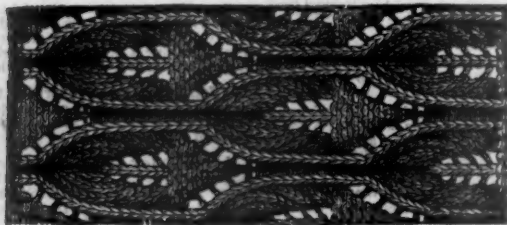
Some beautiful **library-curtains** in mahogany-colored plush have an appliqué design of conventional honeysuckle in pinks and grayish greens, placed like a frieze just below the curtain rings, and are supplemented by curtain loops in the same embroidery. Others are made of dark-blue, broadcated jute velours, having a decoration similarly applied at the top. In this case leaves in grays and browns have a darned background.

A **fanciful screen**, to serve at the hour of tea-drinking, has attached to a brass rod a full curtain of amber silk stuff embroidered with laid-work in different colored silks, the patterns outlined with gold thread.

A **sofa-back** is worked in Dacca silk on crash, with a honeycomb ground, the design, outlined in pink and brown, being Australian brier with foliage. The fringed ends are knotted and tufted with Dacca silks. A sofa cushion is in mustard-yellow cloth, almost covered with laid-work embroidery in various tints of silk, with outlines of gold thread.



PILLOW SHAM.



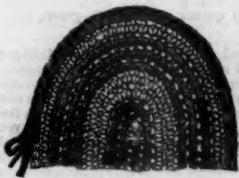
FANCY KNITTING.



GOLDEN-ROD AND COCKSCOMB.



CROCHETED BRACES.



DETAIL OF BRACES.



JERSEY CAP FOR LITTLE BOYS.



DETAIL OF JERSEY CAP.

A new wall-pocket is shaped like a pair of bellows, the back covered with Turkish satin, the front, which hangs forward, covered with embroidered plush. If preferred, a design in oils may be painted on the plush. The full sides of the pocket, holding back and front together, are made of satin, and the nozzle and handle are of brass.

A screen of dark holly-green satin has yellow laburnum, white acacia, and May blossoms worked on the three panels. An exquisite transparent screen for before the fire is made of white bolting cloth, decorated with a design of growing rice, half painted, half embroidered in silk. A sort of dado finishes this design, in which lines of silver thread simulate water; water-lilies outlined in silk rest on it, and a few silver and gold fishes with jeweled eyes are seen at the base.

The Pauline, a new costume for baby-girls, is made of fine, white cotton twill, and stamped for working with a design of purple violets in graceful sprays. The embroidery, when complete, is quite elaborate, including a pattern upon the collars and cuffs, sides of the bodice, and on a succession of little tabs or points overlapping the kilted petticoat. For a two-year-old boy comes a pretty shirred apron in the same material, to be similarly adorned with sprays of flowers in embroidery silks, the effect produced being very pleasing.

A very pretty work-basket is mounted upon brass-tipped legs like those so often seen upon four o'clock tea-tables now. The sides of this basket are lined with shirred old-gold satin, and at the bottom is seen a lining of claret-colored plush with appliques of Turkish embroidery. At the edges are draperies and pockets of the same plush, lined with old-gold satin and adorned with appliques. Cords and tassels of deep red chenille and gold complete this elegant little appendage for a boudoir.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Pillow-sham.—No good housekeeper feels that her linen closet is quite complete without a pair of pillow-shams, and we are frequently asked if we can furnish patterns for stamping them. In this number we give a design which, when stamped, will be three times the size shown in the illustration. It can be embroidered either in satin or outline stitch with red, blue, or white cotton, on linen or muslin. This same design is very effective done in silk on white flannel for a crib-blanket.

Fancy Knitting.—The stitch illustrated is very suitable for counterpanes and coverlets when worked with the ordinary sized needles and cottons, and will also be found effective in very fine knitting. To work: Cast on any number of stitches that divide into 12, adding a stitch at each end for an edge stitch, which is always worked plain, and is not referred to again in the instructions. First row—*Purl 1, thread back, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 3, over, knit 1, over, knit 3, knit 2 together, repeat from *. Second row—*Purl 11, knit 1, repeat from *. Third row to eighth row like the first and second rows. Ninth row—*Purl 1, over, knit 3, knit 3 together, purl 1, thread back, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 3, over, repeat from *. Tenth row—*Purl 5, knit 1, repeat from *. Eleventh row—*Purl 2, over, knit 2, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, purl 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, over, purl 1, repeat from *. Twelfth row—*Knit 1, purl 4, knit 1, purl 4, knit 2, repeat from *. Thirteenth row—*Purl 3, over, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, purl 1, over, knit 2 together, knit 1, over, purl 2, repeat from *. Fourteenth row—*Knit 2, purl 3, knit 1, purl 3, knit 3,

repeat from *. Fifteenth row—*Purl 4, over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped over, purl 1, knit 2 together, over, purl 3, repeat from *. Sixteenth row—*Knit 3, purl 2, knit 1, purl 2, knit 4, repeat from *. Seventeenth row—*Knit 1, over, knit 3, knit 2 together, purl 1, thread back, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, knit 3, over, repeat from *. Eighteenth row—*Purl 5, knit 1, purl 6, repeat from *. Nineteenth row to twenty-fourth as seventeenth and eighteenth. Twenty-fifth row—*Purl 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, over, purl 1, over, knit 3, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, repeat from *. Twenty-sixth row—*Purl 5, knit 1, repeat from *. Twenty-seventh row—*Purl 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, over, purl 3, over, knit 2, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, repeat from *. Twenty-eighth row—*Purl 4, knit 3, purl 4, knit 1, repeat from *. Twenty-ninth row—*Purl 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, over, purl 5, over, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, repeat from *. Thirtieth row—*Purl 3, knit 6, purl 3, knit 1, repeat from *. Thirty-first row—*Purl 1, knit 2 together, over, purl 7, over, slip 1, knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, repeat from *. Thirty-second row—*Purl 2, knit 7, purl 2, knit 1, repeat from *. Commence to work from the first row.

Golden-rod and Cockscorn.—This crewel-work design may be used for ornamenting sofa-pillows, table-scarfs, chair-lacks, etc. Silk or crewels can be employed, according to the taste of the worker, to the material on which it is used or the purpose for which the embroidery is needed. Silk plush, linen, or crash may be used. The design, when stamped, will be twice the size given in cut.

Crochet Braces shows a pair of strong, useful braces crocheted in olive-green and light-blue stripes in the length, as will be seen by the round end given singly, with purse twist over fine black silk cord. To begin the work, a length of chain is cast on with green silk, which must be one and five-eighths inches shorter than the length of the brace (on the pattern twenty-five and one-eighth inches). This chain gives the middle, on each side of which, first putting on the cord, the crochet is continued, working also round the ends, as shown in full-size cut, each being worked into the whole upper link of the chain in the foregoing row. The stripes begin with two green rows on each side of the middle chain, then two blue and two green, after which come one blue and one green row. When each brace is finished, one end is stitched into the leather strap with buttonhole, while the other is buckled to the double strap and hangs over loose, yet it is better to give the crocheted parts to a brace-maker when ready for mounting.

Jersey Cap for Little Boys.—Crochet. This original-looking cap is crocheted very simply, the foundation being worked with dark wool over middle-sized black piping cord in single crochet. The size of the material is shown on the full-sized detail, by which it will appear that the cap is to be begun in the middle of the crown, the crochet being made in coils over the tightly drawn cord and as many stitches given in each time as are necessary to bring out a flat, round surface, the size of which, intended for a boy of six years, is nine and seven-eighths inches. When the top of the crown is finished, a two-inch wider piece is worked further for the lower part, which must lie flat over, after which the number of stitches must be decreased in the same measure as increased for the top of the crown. An edge going up straight, which is nineteen and three-fourths inches round and one and three-fourths inches deep, is now joined to this. If the size given is too large or too small, it can be altered, as also the whole cap, this not being difficult. A strip of leather is sewn to the edge at the back to make it stronger and firmer and a large woolen pompon added in the middle of the crown.

Art at Home.

HINTS FOR HOME DECORATION.

The painting of delicate little articles of furniture, if properly managed, may be a domestic occupation without appreciable annoyance. If possible a room not otherwise in use should be chosen, and the work should be carried on with as little movement as may be, to prevent the dispersion of dust, which, falling upon the paint when wet, would greatly mar its smooth surface. The object to be decorated should be conscientiously rubbed to a glassy smoothness with sand-paper and brown paper. The paint, to suit the sensitive artist, should be picture oil-paint, sold in single, double, and treble tubes; turpentine must be gradually mixed in, until the paint is of the consistency of thin cream, when it may be laid on thinly with variously sized soft brushes, avoiding streaks, blot, or smears. After a coat of paint has been effectually applied, ample time for drying, in perfect stillness, should be given; then should follow a patient rubbing down with soft paper, to insure smooth-

ness. This process should be repeated until the artist is satisfied with the depth and soundness of color. Delicate little drapers or other decorative ornaments may at last be executed in harmonious colors, and when the work is perfectly hard and dry a coat of the best hard, white varnish should be quickly applied. Good shades of suitable greens for furniture may be gained by differently mixed quantities of middle-green, lake, chrome, black, and white.

The simplest method of staining a floor is to get from a dealer in paints half a gallon of oak-stain ready mixed, pour it into a basin, and cover the floor with it, using an ordinary hog-hair paint brush. Do not tread more than you can help on the place you have stained; of course, you would do the floor near the door last. If one wash of the stain does not make as dark a tint as you wish, wait till it is quite dry, and give it a second. When it is quite dry the housemaid can rub it up with beeswax and turpentine, or she may make a mixture of these two ingredients with a little resin, warmed until it is

all liquid, and then when it is cool rubbed on with a cloth and polished up with a brush.

For rooms fitted in chintz or cretonne, and for country-house use, have been revived those delightful old curtains of tansored muslin; with this difference, that where monstrous flowers and vines with grapes once formed the design, we now have small, conventional patterns powdered over the curtains and a border to match to finish them.

Curtains ought to be hung so that they can constantly be taken down to be brushed, and, if necessary, cleaned with bread-crumbs or bran. It is a great economy to have a second-best set of curtains to put up during the dark days of winter; besides, the change is pleasant to the eye, which gets wearied of always seeing exactly the same color and pattern framing the outside view.

Brown paper is very useful in household decoration. Pretty screens of coarse grocer's paper, painted in oils, are often used. An old wooden mantelpiece may be covered with this coarse paper and painted roughly, but most effectively, with pink and white foxgloves and leaves or with red poppies. Paper can be only a temporary decoration, but in country villages occasions often arrive—such as impromptu festivities, church socials, and weddings—when a speedy decoration is most valuable.

A new "gypsy," or tripod table, has been introduced, the legs covered with plush like the top. Around the edge of the circular top hangs a heavy silk fringe which also finishes the legs. A scarf of plush, embroidered with gold and fringed with silk, is knotted at the intersection of the legs.

TABLE-COVERS.

Stamped velvet or plush, says the *Art Interchange*, is most fashionable just now for covering table tops. Sometimes two or more colors are put together, patchwork fashion. If the table is square the centre is of one color, the four corners of another, and the intervening side pieces of a third. Old gold, rich red, and peacock blue are the most popular shades for the time, and with these are mixed shawl-patterned materials. Satin, with a floral design worked in armée (colored chenilles); velvet, with a graceful spray of flowers and leaves thrown across, worked in silk or crewels; huckaback, darned with gold knitting silk, surrounding a medallion, containing a group of small flowers worked in crewel stitch. A centre of this last-named work, with a broad border of red or peacock blue plush, is effective. The huckaback is a particularly good

surface for working on, as the threads are all distinctly crossed and marked. The gold-colored silk, when run in and out, gives the effect of a gold background. For a round table, alternate sections of this and colored plush would look well. A wreath of hrier, roses, and good-sized blackberries, worked on light blue, red, or gold-colored satin sheeting, with a butterfly or two, has a beautiful effect. These delicate colored, carefully worked tables have often little, loose, square cloths of cream Madras muslin, hemmed round and edged with lace about three inches in width. They have colored satin bows at the corners, and these corners are just plaited up with a pin or two under the bow to form a sort of little fan.

LONDON NOVELTIES.

Embroidered or painted bellows are very much in the fashion nowadays in London, and no artistic fireplace is without them. Neither, one might say, is any bistro-laden étager or cabinet without one, the modern use of bellows being not so much to blow fires as to blow the dust from all the daintiness of artistic boudoirs and drawing-rooms. A pair of embroidered or gracefully painted bellows certainly makes the dusting of a room a more æsthetic affair than the service generally rendered cleanliness by a fierce-armed bridge and her ragged duster or even her feather-brush. These artistic bellows are genuine in every respect, not toy imitations. They are small, with gilded nozzles or nozzles of shining brass, and are made of the usual elm-wood. When embroidered the upper and under sides are covered all over with the silk, satin, or velvet upon which the designs are worked. This silk or velvet is cut to the size and shape required, and the edges, glued or tacked to the edges of the wood, are concealed with a thick row of tiny brass-headed tacks or with gold or silver braid. One pair, seen at the London Decorative Needlework Society's rooms, was covered with delicate blue velvet and wrought in the ordinary over-stitch in exquisitely blended shades of bronze and pale amber silk.

A Baby's Crib-spread.—An exquisite gift to a young mother is a crib-spread of creamy cricket cloth fringed with double zephyr wool and decorated across the top by a diagonal band of primrose satin, embroidered with a conventional design in colored beads and caught at either end by dainty bows of pale-blue satin ribbon and across the lower end by a diagonal of pale-blue satin band, embroidered and fastened by primrose bows. The word "Baby," done in floral letters composed of tiny rosebuds, green leaves, and forget-me-nots, adorns the centre.

Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

EARLY spring is usually betokened in a lady's costume by the fact that she has put on a lighter wrap than she has worn for several weeks or months past. That lighter wrap, perhaps, continues as part of every out-door toilette, until the season is well advanced, even though her bonnet may have become quite floral. With the changeable weather of these latitudes it is no safe for any one to jump at once from ample draperies to slight ones. So we have models of cloaks, coats, and jackets in plenty, of a style and warmth suitable to help us over this middle season. Lighter varieties of cloth, velvet, or satin are some of the materials used for these spring outer garments.

The winter bands of plush and fur are replaced by feather trimmings. The plumage of marabout and peacock without the eyes are among the feathers most used. Sometimes a muff or a turban, bordered and trimmed with the same feathers, accompanies such a feather-decorated garment. Chenille is another material employed for spring muffs. A chenille muff is often seen with a cape of the same fabric worn over the coat.

Coats and cloaks for spring are usually of the same long, ample, half-fitting styles, with voluminous sleeves, seen so generally during the winter. A new model for a spring wrap is a long, close-fitting pelisse of some semi-light material, with a cape fitting closely to the shoulders and reaching to the waist in the back. This is ornamented with satin loops and bows. The cape can be worn over the coat when additional warmth is required or it can be worn alone, as an independent wrap, upon days not so cool as usual. So this useful model really provides for three outer garments instead of one.

It is not necessary that the wrap or its trimmings should be

of a sombre color. Sometimes the feather trimmings, ribbons, passementerie, or other garniture are very bright and varied in effect. A novelty is a spring muff made to represent a basket of flowers. The basket is of chenille, opened at the top to display bunches of artificial roses or violets. The hands pass behind the basket at the back.

New cloth costumes for spring are elaborately ornamented with heavy braiddings and soutache embroidery. Horizontal bands of braid and frogs, trefoil loops, and wheels have lately been the favorite styles of decoration in place of the old-time intricate patterns. These, in turn, are partially giving way to the palm-leaf design, which is itself an old fashion revived. Some Paris dresses are braided with the palm-leaf pattern in the boldest manner, some separate leaves being ten and twelve inches long. A palm-leaf may be seen down the front breadth of a dress, in panels upon the skirt, on the cuffs, and six smaller ones upon the basque, below the neck and above the darts, three upon each side of the buttons, the points facing each other, and the whole forming a *plastron*.

Braiding, including the palm-leaf designs, may also be seen on the new cashmere or light woolen costumes. In this case the braiding is first executed upon a piece of bright-colored material, which is then applied to the cashmere. For instance, a dress may be of a dark-brown cashmere, the collar, cuffs, and other trimmings of cardinal, so that the gay color will gleam through the black interiors of the braid.

The one useful standard costume for spring seems to be now, as always, a light wool or cashmere, light in weight, but not necessarily so in color. Light woolen material holds its own, but is combined according to another sensible fashion long prevalent, with one or more other fabrics. Woolen blocks, checks, fine stripes, small and large plaids, plain grounds, of colors neutral, few, bright, or many—all such materials com-

bine well with ottoman or other inexpensive silk, velvet, or velveteen. As a rule, the waist and overskirt are of the woolen material, the underskirt and trimmings of the silk or velvet. Though the colors are usually spring-like, there will be seen new and strange effects in color, such as red and green, orange and flame color.

The fancy silks used to combine with woolen materials are generally striped, checked, plaid, brocade, or dotted with large polka dots. Few fabrics are, strictly speaking, plain.

Velveteen promises to be useful for inexpensive spring costumes. With very little trimming or none, it makes a stylish underskirt, over which can be worn almost any kind of a polonaise or basque and overskirt. A very pretty fancy is for a velveteen underskirt of garnet or myrtle green, with overdress of cashmere, plainly made, of the same color.

Wreaths of velvet flowers are seen on dressy, woolen costumes designed by Worth. They are placed much as lighter flowers would be on airy ball costumes—that is, on the corsage, to loop draperies and the like. Dark velvet flowers and leaves are also used to form fancy muffs for spring.

So few changes are seen in the manner of making up the new dresses, that last year's costumes may be easily remodeled. Skirts are still, as a rule, short. They clear the ground; but, to make them the same length all around, it is necessary to have them two or three inches longer in the back than in front. Skirts and overskirts are still usually made as one garment upon a foundation-skirt. This may be of any cheap material, as it has been found, after repeated trial, that it is a waste of good stuff to use it as a foundation, for it wears no better than a stout lining fabric, and is always out of sight, while cheaper grades of silk cut out almost immediately. The foundation-skirt is faced half way up, or covered with the pleatings and flounces, which really constitute the underskirt. Above this the overskirt and the foundation-skirt are sewed upon one band.

Overskirts are shorter than usual and draped higher upon the sides. Many of them show the short, puffed, panier effect, though some are still long in the front and back breadths. Overskirts with full puffs in the back or upon the hips are considered very becoming to slight figures.

A new style of basque has a pointed front, short side breadths, and long, square position back. Another favorite style of bodice has plain, French back and front formed of horizontal puffs. A third resembles the hunting-jacket in that the back is pleated; but these pleats are fine, and the front of the same waist is fitted by darts.

Sleeves vary little from the standard, tight-fitting coat-sleeve, except that they are now often made to rise above the shoulder in a little puff or ridge. They are kept in place by a steel spring.

Spring bonnets are often made entirely of chenille. Others have crowns of gilt braid with borders of velvet, or vice versa. Some turbans of velvet, silk, or other material have the brim ornamented with gilt braid or lace. Dress-bonnets are nearly always small, and are perhaps of one fabric, with a bunch of flowers or ostrich plumes upon one side. Later in the season the foundation-material will probably be chip or rough English straw. Strings have almost entirely disappeared from bonnets. Sometimes a band of velvet of the same shade as the one prevailing in the bonnet, lined and provided with a bow, is passed under the chin and caught up at one side.

Some of the long gloves have embroidered upon them a band of beads to represent a bracelet. But the tan-colored mousquetaires are less worn than recently. The new glove for spring and early summer wear will probably be one shorter in length and plainer in shade.

Less lace is worn about the neck than formerly. Bands, loops, and bows of velvet take its place.

A new method of trimming the bottom of a basque is to cut it out in squares and turn these under, so as to form Vandyke points, or points which are sometimes called tulip-petals. The edges of these are then finished with a row of beads. The fashion is revived of finishing the skirt of a basque with a thick cord, covered with the material of the dress or of the trimming.

New colors are stone-blue, honey-suckle-yellow, heart-of-the-tea-rose-yellow, antique-blue, blue-green, and oak-brown. Some of the new woolen materials come in this last shade, and there will probably be shown gloves to match.

Notes and Comments.

Virginia F. Townsend.

WE take from a little paper published during the continuance of a fair held in Boston for a charitable purpose the following, by Miss Virginia F. Townsend, from whom our readers are always glad to hear. We are pleased to say that her health, which has been feeble for two or three years, is much improved, and that she is at work on a serial for the HOME MAGAZINE, which she hopes to have ready this fall:

MAKING YOUR WILL.

There is, to me, something inexpressibly touching in a passage of one of Charles Lamb's letters to his friend, where he says: "Mary wakes up every morning with a feeling that something good has happened."

We all know who "Mary" was, and the story of that devotion to each other which sheds such a tender ideal light over the lives of the great humorist and his sister.

It was just after he had received his annuity from the India House that Charles Lamb wrote this. The modest income assigned him for the rest of his days secured him, at last, the leisure so precious to a man of letters after "snuffing his sustenance through a quill," as he calls, with his quaint, delicious humor, his business of accountant for about thirty years in the India House.

Yet what months of wasting anxiety preceded that memorable hour, when Charles Lamb learned that he was to receive an income which, slender as it was, would lift him and his sister out of the chilling atmosphere above the daily harassments of poverty? It hurts one, even now, to read the long familiar story.

I suppose there were at that time men in England who, as Hamerton says, were so rich that their gold was positively a burden and incumbrance to them; men who might have bestowed a little of their surplus wealth on the India-House clerk "in some form that a man of high feeling might honorably accept."

The world is full of generous hearts. There are men to-day who, if their thoughts were aroused and their sympathies

awakened, would see that their wealth while living—that their wills, when their makers were dead—would do more good for the world than they are ever likely to do.

It is possible, my reader, that you are one of these men. Have you made your will? Have you made it wisely? Have you made it generously? I do not mean by this, have you left all your fortune to your kith and kin? If you have and it is a large one, there is small probability that the money will prove a blessing to them. Are the daughters of rich men, as a rule, happier and nobler women for their fathers' wealth? Are the sons of rich men apt to be the benefactors of the world? Are they likely, indeed, to be men of pure lives, of nobler aims because of the wealth they have inherited?

Each man, of course, owes a first duty to his own. Their claims are paramount while he lives, but when he comes to die, if he is a man of large wealth, the world also has its claim on him.

And in all this world of human needs and sorrows there are few, it seems to me, which appeal so strongly to whatever is generous and chivalric in manhood as that of the Old Ladies' Home.

All that is tender and sacred in the thought of his own mother; all that is most intimate and precious in his feeling for his own wife and daughters, should make the very name an appeal to a man's swift sympathies—doubtless so if he has been the architect of his own fortunes; for he knows then, as he never could otherwise, what the struggle of life is, and he will not wonder that many a slight woman has found her strength unequal in the hard fight.

Yet many of these women are delicate, refined, sensitive. To some of them the thought of charity is very galling. If strong arms and brave hearts had not failed them, they, too, might have been nestled in happy, luxurious homes as the shadows of age gathered about them.

Somebody has said that "all we can carry out of this world is what we give away." The glad, green world is about you to-day, but in a little while it will go on its pathway of shining days and solemn nights, and not seem to miss you very much. But if you have left it a little easier and kinder world, perhaps you will know—perhaps you will be glad after you have "crossed the border."

So, my reader, I ask you, if you have large wealth, to leave somewhere—don't forget—in your will, the Old Ladies' Home. You may find the bequest set down to your credit—side where they have a different test for values than a man's "balance at his banker's."

The Cataract of Terni.

MR. EDITOR:—In the January number of *ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE* I find a description of this beautiful cataract. With your permission I will copy the following interesting passage from Liddell's *History of Rome*:

After referring to ancient Roman works, such as bridges, roads, aqueducts, and the like, the historian continues: "A striking proof of engineering skill is shown in the tunnels cut through solid rock for the purpose of draining off volcanic lakes; this art we may believe to have been originally borrowed from the Etruscans. The first tunnel of which we hear was that by which the Alban Lake was partially let off during the siege of Veii, a work which was suggested by an Etruscan soothsayer. Other works of the like kind still remain, though the time of their execution is not always known. Here shall be added the notice of one work of a kindred sort, which happens by a rare coincidence to combine great utility with rare beauty. The famous M. Curius Dentatus, when Censor in 272 B. C., cut a passage through the rock, by which the waters of Lake Velino were precipitated into the Nar. By this means he recovered for his newly conquered Sabine clients a large portion of fertile land, and left behind the most lovely, if not the most sublime, of all waterfalls. The Falls of Terni—such is the famous name they now bear—were wrought by the hand of man. 'Thousands of travelers visit them,' says Niebuhr; 'how few know that they are not the work of Nature!'"

The above explains an obscure passage in Byron's own notes on his poem, *Childe Harold*—obscure, at least, to a majority of readers: "It is singular enough that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial—this of Velino and the one at Tivoli. The traveler is strongly recommended to trace the Velino at least as high as the little lake called *Pes di Lup*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe, and the ancient naturalist (Pliny), among other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbow of the Lake Velino."

The modern river Velino, then, or part of it, at least, is the artificial channel cut through the rock to drain the ancient lake into Nar, now called Nera. Below the fall, before this outlet was made, flowed probably a small stream, which the larger volume of water afterward swelled to greater dimensions. We would infer this from the ancient name of the town situate at the junction of the rivers Nera and Velino, even if we had no other evidence on this subject. This old Sabine city was called Interamna, which literally means *between rivers*.

Terni, or Interamna, was founded 672 B. C. The channel was cut by the Roman Consul, M. Curius Dentatus, in 272 B. C. So, strangely as it may sound, the form of Terni existed just four hundred years before the falls did. We usually hear of a village springing up near an already dashing cataract, the former taking its name from the latter.

The reader, of course, understands the allusions in the above quoted passages. The terms Etruscan and Sabine refer to ancient territories near Rome, the former lying north, the latter northeast of the "Eternal City"—that is, in early days when Rome had very little dominion or property outside her own walls. Veii was one of the strongholds of the Etruscans. The rivers Nera and Velino flow chiefly through the old Sabine district, part of which was called the Reatine Territory, from an ancient town known as Reate, whose location was probably in the Apennine Mountains, near the central part of Italy, at no great distance from the Falls of Terni. Terni, to which this beautiful region is compared, was a lovely valley in Greece.

Byron incidentally mentions that the celebrated cascades of Tivoli are also artificial. Of these I know nothing further than that they are on the river Teverone, anciently called the Anio, near the famous and luxurious city of antiquity—Tibur, now Tivoli. Perhaps some of your readers can enlighten us on this subject. H. M.

Mrs. Ireland's New Book.

Timothy: His Neighbors and Friends, by Mrs. Mary E. Ireland, is meeting, we are pleased to see, with a very favorable reception. Mrs. Ireland is a Baltimore lady and a frequent contributor to our periodicals. The *Literary World* gives the following appreciative notice of the book:

"Mrs. Ireland's *Timothy* is really what it purports to be—a story for the home circle. Everyday experiences in the lives of everyday people are clothed in a life-like recital. There are pleasant pictures of home-life in city and country, of a dear old Grandfather Carleton and his sweet daughter-in-law, of a mystery in the beautiful lives of Madame Angela and Ursula, and of the æsthetic boarding-house of Mrs. Garrigue. Although the book is fiction, it does not read like romance. Timothy's neighbors and friends do not appear to be creatures of the

imagination, but just like anybody's neighbors and friends. The characteristic of the book is its sprightliness. Excellent moral lessons are skillfully woven in pleasant dialogue. Some fault might be found with the number of characters; yet, if we were asked which of them we would dispense with, we would find it difficult to decide. Not the maiden ladies certainly, although there are four, all as different as possible, and all preserving their individuality. Caroline Levering, with all her high notions, was not altogether useless. For instance:

"Throwing aside bonnet and gloves, Caroline rushed to the bank, plunged into the smooth, clear stream, and swam swiftly toward the drowning boy. Twice he sank and rose and was disappearing for the third time when Caroline grasped him. 'Don't,' she cried sharply, as the boy strove to clasp her about the neck; 'I will save you if you do not hinder me. If you drag me under, we will both drown.'"

"There is plenty of incident in the book, but nothing to be disapproved of by the most decided foes of the sensational. Like the majority of first books, it evinces crudeness, but few readers will be satisfied to lay it aside unfinished."

Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50.

"Idle Moments."

THIS graceful and effective picture is from a painting by Conrad Kiesel, an eminent German artist, who was born at Dusseldorf in 1846. At first an architect and then a sculptor, he finally recognized in painting the art for which his genius was best adapted, and in the earnest devotion to which he has become distinguished. Many of his subjects are of a realistic character, and represent homely life and interests, especially in their refinement and culture. In the picture before us, representing the simple act of a lady amusing, in an idle moment, her kitten, with a silken thread, the artist has given a composition of rare grace and beauty. All the accessories of the picture are elegant and harmonious; the sofa, with a fan thrown carelessly upon it; the soft carpet, over which a brilliant robe is spread, and the vase of flowers on an artistic stand.

Publishers' Department.

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PURCHASING AND SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

We have established a **Purchasing and Supply Department** in connection with our Magazine, through which any one residing at a distance from the city may secure the services of a person of experience, good taste, and judgment in the selection and forwarding by mail or express any articles that may be desired, such as ladies' and children's wearing apparel, goods for household use and decoration (as furniture, carpets, and upholstery, china, glass, and silver ware, pianos, parlor organs, scientific instruments, etc., etc.), art materials, whether for painting, drawing, or fancy needlework, etc., etc.

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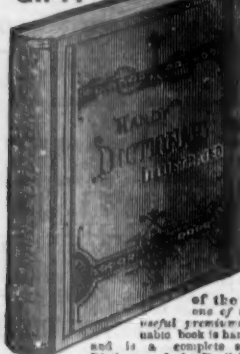
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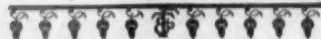
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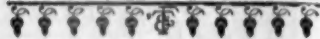


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COMPOUND OXYGEN, FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASES.

"I ALMOST FORGET THAT I HAVE BEEN SICK."

This is the declaration of a lady in Wellsville, Mo., whose friends, to use her own words, "had all given up that I was going with Consumption as fast as I could." We give her own account of the marvelous change wrought by Compound Oxygen:

"I was convalescing from a six weeks' fever when I began using the Oxygen. Was very much reduced in flesh and strength; could only sit up a part of the time. Had a slight cough and raised some matter and phlegm from my lungs. After using the Oxygen one week my weight was eighty-nine and a half pounds; three weeks after it was ninety-two pounds, a gain of two and a half pounds in three weeks. I think it has been much faster for the last two weeks.

"I have been using Oxygen for six weeks and am now able to ride to town, six miles, do my shopping, and back again, get dinner for my family, and work at light housework all the remainder of the day without stopping to rest. Am feeling so strong and well that I almost forget I have been sick, and should think my lungs well if it were not for the smarting or uneasy feeling in my throat and some pain between my shoulders at times.

"My cough (when I do cough, which is not often) is much more satisfactory and less of a hack than it was six weeks ago, and I think I raise more phlegm and less matter.

"I am able to do my own work, and it is so easy that I find it a real pleasure. Appetite is splendid. Sleep seven or eight hours soundly; no night sweats, no distressing sick headaches, as I used to have. My friends had all given up that I was going with Consumption as fast as I could, but, instead, I am looking better than for years, and I think it is through God's mercy and His blessing and your Oxygen that has brought me health and happiness."

"A WONDER TO ALL MY FRIENDS."

A lady at Sandy Creek, N. Y., wrote us in April last, giving a statement of her case. She had been a sufferer for many years, especially from Neuralgia. In her letter she said:

"I have suffered terribly from Neuralgia. Physicians call it Neuralgia of fifth pair of nerves. Morphine affects the heart, and at one time nearly killed me. * * * Severe pains at times along the whole length of spine, and nearly constant across the kidneys and at end of spine."

We had but one report of the case, and that a brief one, until October 20th, 1882, when the following was received. It will be seen that the Treatment has been doing a good work, and that the lady, to use her own words, is "a wonder to all her friends."

"Last April I procured a Home Treatment from you and have written you once since then. I have been greatly benefited by the use of the Oxygen. When I wrote you a description of my case you expressed the opinion that with freedom from care and work I might be cured by taking the Treatment. I have never worked so hard or steadily as through the past summer, and have not felt so well, so much alive for years, and all this from the use of only about half a Treatment. I have been so very busy that I have not taken the Oxygen regularly at all; neither

have I reported to you but once before, so I could blame no one but myself if I were not benefited. I have not felt quite as well for the past two weeks, but am going to be more faithful in the use of the Oxygen, and I hope to improve. I am a wonder to all my friends, but I give the credit where it is due—to the use of the Oxygen."

STRONG TESTIMONY FROM A PHYSICIAN.

A physician in Troy, Tenn., whose wife was in the early stages of Consumption, wrote to us in May last, ordering a Treatment. In a second letter, received some weeks after the Compound Oxygen was received, he says:

"She coughs some. Has no night sweats. Had some chills lately; short breath; pain in left lung under breast; some hemorrhage recently; appetite and sleep moderate; losing flesh since using Compound Oxygen; is some better in all respects; coughs up some blood and pure pus; breathes better than before using Compound Oxygen."

We did not hear again from the case until Sept. 22d, 1882, when a letter came in which the writer states that he had been waiting to see if the good work begun by our Treatment was going to be permanent. His report, which we give below, is highly satisfactory:

"You will no doubt think that I have been very negligent in writing you in regard to my wife's case. Please receive my apology. I was just waiting to see if what your Treatment was doing would be permanent. I have so much to say that I hardly know where to begin.

"I gave you the symptoms when I made the order. For the first three weeks my wife did not improve any. After that time she improved slowly but steadily. She is now like a new person. She is gaining all the time. Her breathing is better than for two years, and she is gaining strength and flesh.

"When she began your Compound Oxygen she could not walk fifty yards without great exhaustion. She can now walk half a mile with but little fatigue. Her lungs pain her but little. She sleeps well at night; appetite good; has not had any hemorrhage since last of July, and then light; and, to cut the matter short, she said this morning that she began to feel like herself again.

"We feel to rejoice with thankful gratitude that we commenced using the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

"You are at liberty to refer to me or my wife any one similarly afflicted."

DISTURBED ACTION OF THE HEART.

A patient at South Haven, Mich., writes:

"It (Compound Oxygen) has proved, under God's blessing, of great benefit to me. I fully believe, as do others, that it has been the means of prolonging my life, as I had been subject to sinking spells of a serious nature, of more or less frequency, for a period of ten years, dating from a serious illness of nervous prostration. The action of the heart was also greatly disturbed, accompanied by a dull, heavy pain. Both of these troubles ceased at once, and effectually, as they have never troubled me since the first inhalation (two years ago)."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

Also sent free, "Health and Life," a quarterly record of cases and cures under the Compound Oxygen Treatment, in which will be found, as reported by patients themselves and OPEN FOR VERIFICATION, more remarkable results in a single period of three months than all the medical journals of the United States can show in a year.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

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